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No. 4

Macdonald & College Magazine



1924

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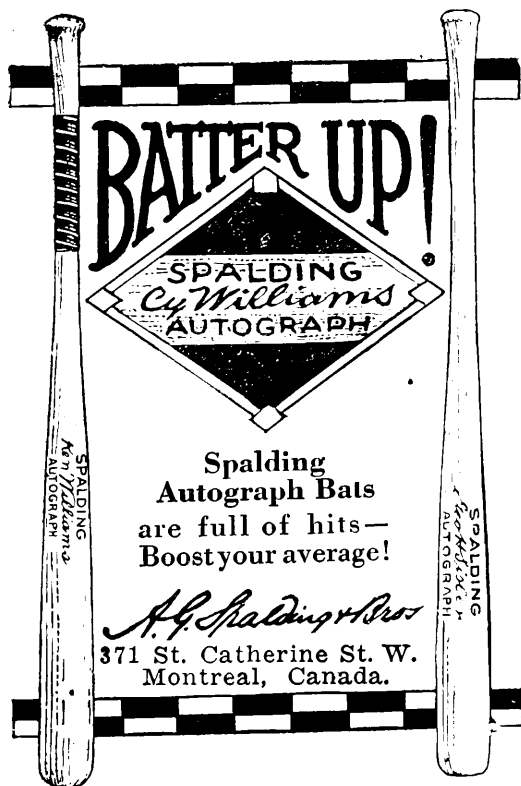
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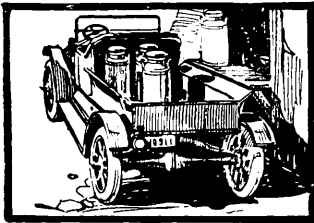
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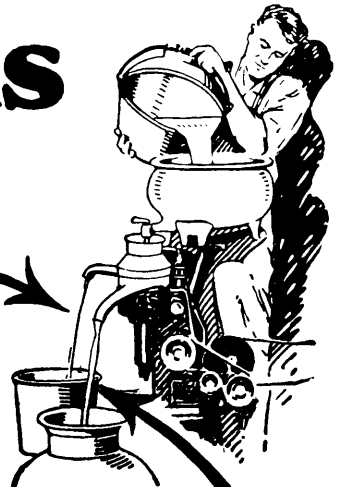
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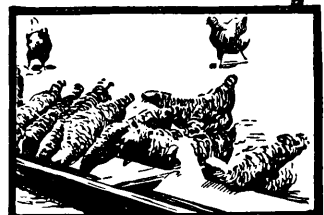
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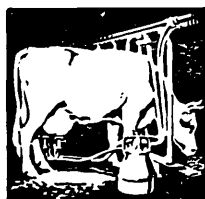
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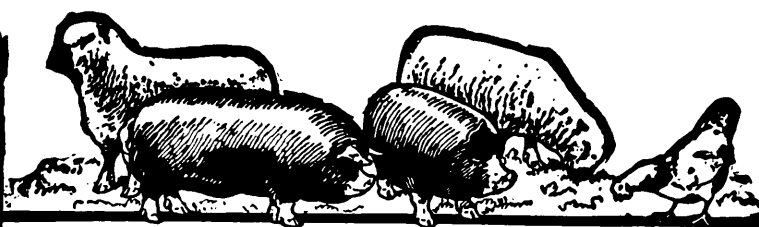
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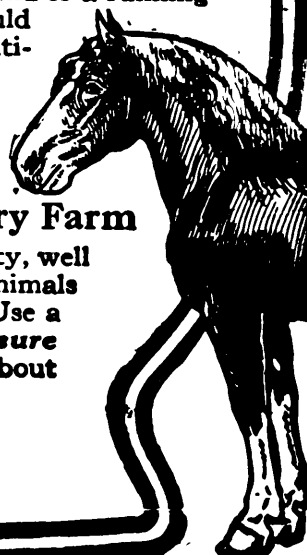
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Post-Graduate Students at Macdonald, 1923-24

Prospects for Graduates in Agriculture

By PROF. H. BARTON

Students in Agriculture are now turning another corner on the road they have elected to travel. Some have reached the main highway where they expect to join the ranks of the profession or engage in some of the so-called practical and commercial activities of Agriculture, while others still have one or more concessions to traverse in the course of their College careers. All are concerned about their future progress, more so than usual perhaps because of the conditions that seem to prevail. The ranks of the profession are fairly well filled; maintenance or retrenchment is on the order paper of all institutions in Agricultural Service; capital is vital for farming and perhaps more difficult to obtain than for most other enterprises; while the farmer seems to be at some disadvantage in the commercial struggle.

With such a cloud overhanging, the road is bound to be somewhat dark, difficult and uncertain. Safety and progress demand more care and more effort than usual. The careless, the indolent, and the weak cannot hope to make much headway. The resolute, the energetic and the able have little to fear because they will make their way, and time is on their side. No one expects the country to stand still. Canada's substantial development in the past has hinged on her progress in Agriculture, her hope for the future is based on expansion of her natural industries, of which Agriculture is by far the most important. The present situation is a vivid illustration of the fact that business prosperity cannot be indefinitely superimposed upon Agricultural poverty. The two interests are interdependent but Agriculture in a country such as Canada

is basic. If it becomes necessary to rescue it, it must be rescued. Farming and farmers in Canada must survive and prosper. Those who are enlisting in this service therefore may feel confident in the security it offers, opportunity will always appear for real effort and contribution.

The Agricultural profession in Canada has had rapid development. Positions have multiplied and men to fill them have been scarce. Now, fewer positions are available and men are more plentiful but the same relationship holds for other professions. Remuneration has not advanced in Agriculture as it has in some other professions. From the standpoint of Agricultural interests this is regrettable but it tends to operate as a steadying influence on the supply of candidates. Men trained in Agriculture have a wider range of opportunity than most others. Besides the variety of possibilities that any liberal education equipment affords, teaching, administration, investigation, commerce, journalism, and private enterprise may be regarded as specialties open to the graduate in Agriculture. When supply and demand become equalised in any business or profession, adjustment may be expected. Values or remuneration may be lowered, standards may be raised and the supply may be curtailed.

Salaries in the Agricultural profession in Canada are now lower than those in a number of other professions which require equivalent credentials, and records clearly indicate that they are too low to retain many of the best men in the service. There is therefore little likelihood of any reduction. The situation, however, allows the exacting of higher standards for en-

trance, and progress in Agriculture demands it. Agriculture is peculiar in that for most positions something more than academic credentials is required. This makes it doubly difficult for the young man to command a good position at the start. A man cannot be trained to swim without water, neither can he become a valuable agriculturist, technical or otherwise, without Agriculture. This is a fact that has not always been realized but necessity compels its recognition and particularly when competition is keen and when more and more is being demanded.

Evidence is not lacking that the supply is being curtailed. Fewer men are taking complete courses in Agriculture. It is well for the profession that this is so. Success in climbing the Agricultural ladder involves a struggle. Personal equipment, ability and determination are prerequisites and those who do not possess them should not allow themselves to be misled into thinking that a course in Agriculture means something soft.

The breadth of the field awaiting Agricultural college men who have something worth while to offer may be indicated by those who have entered it; their attainment should be the inspiration of those to follow. Macdonald is still a young College but her students have nothing to fear and much to gain from the records already established by her graduates. Unfortunately a compilation of only one option is at hand but it alone is no mean heritage.

Up to the end of last year 217 students graduated with the degree of B. S. A. from Macdonald. Of this number 77 or

35.48 per cent finished their course as specialists in Animal Husbandry, two of whom are deceased. At the present time 27 or 36 per cent are employed by the Federal Department of Agriculture. Their positions include 2 Superintendents of Experimental Farms, 3 Assistant-Superintendents of Experimental Farms, 1 Supervisor of Illustration Farms, 1 Animal Husbandman, 1 Assistant-Animal Husbandman, 1 Dominion Bacon Specialist, 14 carrying on live stock promotion work and 4 holding positions in other branches of Agriculture. Twenty of the graduates in Animal Husbandry or 26.6 per cent are actively engaged in farming. Eight are engaged in Agricultural Instruction. Their positions include 1 Principal of an Agricultural School, 1 Superintendent of a Government Institution, 3 Full Professors, 1 Research Specialist and 2 Lecturers. Seven are employed by different Provincial Departments of Agriculture. Their positions include 1 Provincial Live Stock Commissioner, 1 District Agriculturist, 3 Agricultural Representatives and 2 carrying on live stock promotion work. The remainder may be classified as follows — 6 engaged in commercial work, 2 with the Soldier Settlement Board, 2 Journalists, 1 Fieldman for the Canadian Jersey Cattle Club, 1 High School Principal and 1 Superintendent of a Government Institution Farm.

Of the students who finished their course as general men and took a large percentage of the work put on in Animal Husbandry, 14 graduated and 13 are living. Of these, 12 are engaged in Agricultural work, 4 of whom are farming.



On Colds

By STEVE WALFORD, Ex-Agr. '25

We were strolling along, just as anyone romantically inclined is apt to do on a warm bright spring afternoon feasting on the beauty of the first flowers, noting the activity of the awakening insects, listening to the bright chirpings of the fast-returning birds, and drinking in the sunshine. "We" includes Cuthbert, Bogey and myself. Cuthbert is a bright, enthusiastic, careless young friend of mine; Bogey is his Cocker spaniel pup— even brighter, more enthusiastic and more care-free than his master, besides being very inexperienced; I had a cold, a bad cold in the head. I mention all these apparently irrelevant and unrelated details because they have a very direct bearing on the tragedy I am about to unfold to you.

I say we were strolling along, rather aimlessly, absorbed in and absorbing the beauties of Nature, when I was suddenly recalled to the world of realities by a bright, happy bark on my right, followed by an exclamation on my left, "He's got something."

Two leaps forward and a peep over a knoll, and the whole situation lay bare before us. The dog had met a peculiar white-striped black animal and had stopped to pass the time of day with it. There they stood — Bogey, very erect, his head cocked quizzically to one side, his tail wagging spasmodically, expectantly; facing him, and sidling around sluggishly, with his tail swaying slowly to and fro was the stranger.

"Huh, Skunk, muttered Cuth, then being wood-wise called out, "Come here Bogey." At the same time I yelled, "Sick him, dog!"

Bogey, in a quandary, accepted my advice, perhaps because it agreed with his

own inclinations. He not only sickened him, but killed him on the spot. Now, if that pup had stuck to directions, he'd have sickened Mr. Skunk so badly that he'd have returned home pronto, to die in his wife's forepaws (if I might use the parallel) surrounded by his sorrowing heirs. and you, patient readers, wouldn't be burdened with my misery. But, in his enthusiasm, the crazy pup overdid it. He promptly removed the head of the skunk family, and in so doing started a chain of events I would give the world to recall.

Now it so happened that while helping him butcher a calf last year, my uncle, on whose farm I am rusticating, showed me the proper way to remove the pelt from fur-bearing animals. Add then, to this newly aroused skinning complex, my already over-developed souvenir complex, the fact that I had never before seen a skunk at large, and had a bad cold besides, and together you have the motive that urged me to my next resolve—to skin the brute.

When the tussle was over and we approached Bogey and his victim, Cuthbert disappeared like a flash. In six seconds flat he reappeared to windward an acre and a half distant (equivalent to 100 yards urban measure). I attributed his precipitous flight to a fear that the animal would revive and show fight. Little did I realise his true motives. I had a cold — a bad cold in the head.

Bogey also mistook his master's intentions, and I was soon recalled from my plans of mutilation by a piteous wail to windward, "For Heaven's sake Steve, call the dog over to you," which I did, and with little trouble. The pup was only too glad to accept my congratulations

and stayed close by me throughout the operation, leaping all over and around me as, in removing the skin, I laid bare his teeth marks — the master strokes that had laid low his most formidable antagonist.

Finally, pelt in hand, I set out to find my chum. With considerable pleading and cajoling I managed to bring him to within ten yards to windward of his pet and myself, but not another inch would he come. Never had mariner more closely noted the slightest change in wind directions, nor more quickly and accurately made allowance for it, than did that boy. Cuthbert on the way to the farmhouse. And the reflections he cast on my judgment and finer feelings were really unfit for publication. I attributed his attitude to his over developed sense of humor that has often strained our relations. But, you see, I had a cold — a bad cold in the head. However his tone and bearing soon changed as, trailing at a safe distance in the rear, he wondered aloud if he'd have to shoot Bogey, or bury him for a few days to make him presentable again. I was inclined to adopt the pup on the spot, so attached had he and I become on the trip out of the woods. You see, I had a cold and Cuth hadn't.

Finally we reached home, and such a home-coming! Did Collie leap all over me with glee at my return? Did the children flock around to admire the softness and beautiful markings of the fur I carried as they would certainly have done, had I skinned a mere muskrat, mouse, or groundhog? Did the adults come to congratulate me on the neat skinning or the unusual size of the pelt? They did not — not a one of them. Something had warned them, and the public reception I had anticipated never materialised. Had anyone reproved me for cruelty, Sabbath-breaking or hunting out of season, the joy of achievement would have sustained

my wounded feelings, but this aloofness cut as nothing else could.

Rather downcast, I started my round of chores, only to be relieved of my milk pail in the first few minutes, with the caustic remark added that skunk-flavoured dairy products were not in such demand on the market as to warrant particular pains to produce them. With a heavy heart I returned to my duties in the horse-barn, only to be greeted with a general snort of disgust. Even Teddy the colt that I had halter-broken myself when I led him to water, reared and pawed the air, paying absolutely no attention to my "Steady lad." The cats usually crawling all over, around and under my feet, carefully avoided me. And I alone of them all, was unaware of the full reason of this unpopularity: I had a cold — a bad cold in the head.

If the foregoing made me uncomfortable, supper time was my undoing. There was company to tea. As I approached the group on the gallery, I caught snatches of remarks, such as "Idie! he ought to bury his clothes; if a dog of mine touched a skunk I'd shoot him for it. Seems a shame to spoil a good hay mow by letting him sleep in it," until I slunk away to the far side of the house to be left alone with my reflections. Solitary and forlorn, I summarized the results of my indiscretion. Nobody wanted me here; I had no way of reaching home except walking the fifty miles, and even there I would be forbidden entrance; I'd lose a perfectly good grey shirt and high-water overalls that had become almost a part of me. I'd be an outcast for months, perhaps for life, unwanted and avoided everywhere by even the animals; and if I did die away alone in the backwoods nobody would approach even to bury me. In the blackness of my despair there shone but one bright ray. Bogey the spaniel, whom I'd met but two hours

previous, was the only soul to stand by me. For downright fidelity and companionship, nothing can approach a pup who shares the same misfortune with you, be it hunger, fatigue, loneliness, mange or skunk.

I was roused from my musings by a voice tinged with hope, "I say, kid, have you ever heard of green cedar smudge for removing skunk odour?"

I hadn't but was willing to try anything short of a bath in boiling vitriol. In no time I was standing in a cloud of thick smoke that blinded, choked and sometimes scorched me, but as my discomfort increased, so did my hopes of a return to the world from which I'd unintentionally barred myself.

When I had endured the smoke until I felt much like a well-cured ham, I returned to my "Board of Censors" for their verdict. Collie met me half way, almost bowling me over with his fawnings; and the kiddies crowded round for details of the hunt. I felt sure there **was** some improvement, but for another whole day I was not sure whether I was passable or not. Every friend I met, I'd ask, "Say Bill (or Tommy or Jack) has there (sniff, sniff) been a skunk around

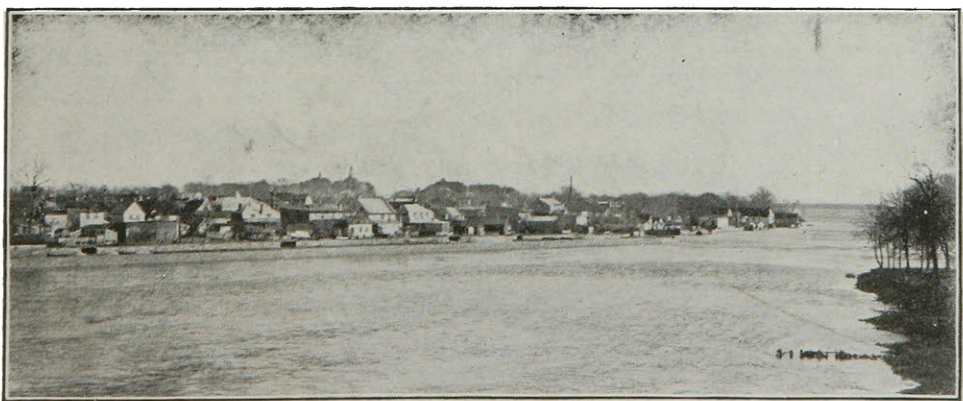
here lately? (Sniff, sniff, sniff,) Seems to me (long sniff) I spot something strange on the breeze."

To which most of them answered dubiously, "Can't say as I do notice anything strange."

Only one chap, with a knowing wink and a smile remarked, "No, but if I closed my eyes, I'd mistake you for a bargain from a fire sale."

Now I'm clear at last — free to come and go at will. Still it rather riles me to think that, through a mere cold, I had almost lost a suit of work clothes dear to me through pleasant associations; I had almost estranged several old friends; I had almost ruined my welcome to several of the nicer homes of the community, and all I have to show for it is a skunk skin. But it's a beauty — two stripes, ears, feet, tail n'everything. If any of you want to see it, if you can charter a fume chamber in the Chemistry Lab. I can send it to you, if transportation companies will handle a class of goods I absolutely refuse to touch myself.

MORAL: *If you ever have a bad cold, make due allowance for the other fellow; he mightn't be so fortunate.*



The Water Front at Ste. Annes

Interpreting The Examination Question

E. W. CRAMPTON, M. S.

DEPT. OF ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

If there is any one place where a careful analysis of the question at hand is immediately profitable it is in answering, or in some cases attempting to answer, an examination paper. The benefits derived from this practice, however, are not by any means limited to the class room, but will persist as long as questions are answered regardless of time or place. Few there are who succeed in reaching college age without having been embarrassed and shamed because of some foolish or absurd or perhaps indiscreet answer given to a relatively simple question. Neither is there but little doubt that, had this same question been thoroughly understood, that "unnecessary feeling" might in many cases have been easily avoided. Of course there are those questions which are purposely so worded as to cause confusion — but to such I do not refer in this paper. In fact this article is written more particularly to bring to mind and perhaps by so doing, to help remedy the ever increasing tendency among college students to hand in written answers which neither answer the questions to which they supposedly refer, nor reflect favorably on the student's mentality or general ability. A carpenter in driving a nail endeavors to hit the nail squarely on the head with his hammer at each blow. If he fails to do so, one of two things, or both, are almost certain to happen; a glancing blow may bend the nail, usually making it useless for that particular job, or he may miss the nail entirely, in which case a hammer mark will be left to mar his work. In a general way the skill of the carpenter is

judged by the way he drives his nails—the one drives them true—the other not only fails to accomplish his task of nailing but mars his whole work as well.

So it is with the student who misses the point of a question—nine times out of ten he not only fails to give a concise and comprehensive answer to that question but also mars his whole paper by leaving with the examiner an unfavorable impression of his general ability.

Most of the ridiculous answers found in college examination papers fall quite obviously into one of three groups: (1) Those representing an effort of the student to cover up his partial or complete ignorance of the subject, (2) Those due to the inability of the student to express himself clearly, and (3) Those due to a misinterpretation or a faulty analysis of the question.

Of all of the types of answers turned in by college students, none are more pathetic than those of the bluffer who is trying to cover up his ignorance with guess work. This type of answer stands out as clearly as though it were written in red ink, and while it may get a laugh from the examiner at the moment is, nevertheless, one of the first things on which an instructor bases his opinion of the student and later perhaps rates his general ability. The man who doesn't believe that the bluffer "hangs himself" has but to read a few typical examination papers. The following were found recently:—

Question—What is a Spayed Heifer?

Answer — It is when a heifer has been

spayed for disinfecting against lice or other insects.

Question — What is the standard weight of a bushel of turnips?

Answer — About 200 pounds.

Question — Why is variation important to the Animal Breeder?

Answer — Because it is the only means he has of remembering different animals.

Question — What is a gaited horse? Name the gaits.

Answer — A gaited horse is one which has different gaits. Walk, Trot, and Canter of different kinds.

Answer — A horse which is used for trotting, racing or light delivery work.

Perhaps the Best Remedy for this Situation is Study

A surprisingly large number of students seem unable to express themselves clearly and in good English when required to write their answers. Peculiar as it may seem, by far the larger percentage of these men are from English speaking homes. In fact the student who is naturally handicapped by having to write in what is to him a foreign language is often the better man when it comes to writing what he wants to say. In other words this trouble is largely the result of careless and unorganized thinking. Too often we are prone to neglect our grammar is our haste and carelessness of every day speech, and this soon reflects itself on the written page. To think logically and then to express in writing one's ideas or thoughts is largely a matter of training — not inheritance. That this ability is recognized as an index of a "man's size" is proved by the fact that many business men prefer to receive letters written by prospective employees before making definite appointments. The request of institutions for papers or articles written by applicants for positions is not

so much to find out what they know, as how they express what they know.

It would seem that college students after a period of study on a subject should be able to express their knowledge of it, be it meagre or full, in a clear, straightforward manner. Unfortunately, however, such is not always the case as is evidenced from the following answers.—

Question — What is a self-feeder?

Answer — It is an instrument that is used in pig fields for the use of pigs eating their feed out of.

Question — How would you identify 2 year old ewes?

Answer — Two year old ewes have four incisor teeth growing on the lower jaw.

Question — Locate the pastern.

Answer — It is the underneath part of a horse's foot.

Answer — It is between the hock joint and shoe, just above the shoe.

Question — what is a Nurse Cow?

Answer — An old cow that a calf has been suckling.

Question — What is a Springer?

Answer — A cow that calves early in the spring and if sold can get good price for same.

Question -- Of what importance is Variation to the Animal Breeder?

Answer — It is the only means through which the breeder can improve or degenerate his stock.

In most cases of this kind it is evident that the student himself knows the answer required. But his method of telling it is so clumsy and awkward that his knowledge is really of but little value to him, at least in so far as his examination is concerned. The stock argument that it is what the man knows and not what he can write, that counts, is foolish. Few days there are when a man is not called on to explain something or other, be it an examination to pass a college

course, to obtain a Civil Service position, or to satisfy the curiosity of a neighbor. In his ability to do this lies to a considerable extent his reputation as a bright — or stupid — fellow. For those whose answers fall into the two already discussed classes, the instructor has but little sympathy. In students of college age such work is inexcusable.

The third class of answers which are of little value as such, and which are the result of an incorrect analysis of the question asked, cause considerable trouble to the examiner. The pity of it is that it is as often the otherwise first class student that makes this mistake as it is the man who is "on the fence." It is discouraging after reading an excellent paper to come suddenly on a paragraph which bears no direct relation to the question for which it has been offered as an answer. Perhaps the material is correct in itself, well written, neat, and all the rest, but as an answer to the particular question — well, it is simply no answer at all.

To ask a man a definite question and then to read an excellent explanation of something else creates varied and often conflicting opinions in the instructor's mind. At first perhaps he is thoroughly disgusted at the evident carelessness shown by the student in his reading of the question. Then he wonders if his question were so worded as to properly convey exactly the intended meaning. Satisfied of this and backed by the fact that the majority of the class made satisfactory replies to this particular question, his thoughts next turn to the problem of grading the answer. From the character of the paper as a whole together with a knowledge of the student's general ability, as shown throughout the term's work, it is no easy task to award a zero to an answer which, had the question been properly analysed, could easily

have been perfect. Nor is such action entirely fair if the student's knowledge is to be judged wholly by his examination mark. But what other course is open to the examiner? There is none. There can be no opportunity to correct such mistakes nor to avoid the penalties which are bound to follow wherever they are made. Such mistakes must be prevented — they cannot be corrected.

What are the causes of this situation? Frankly, I do not know. Some of them seem to be due to nervousness, though it is not easy to understand why only one question out of ten should be improperly interpreted entirely because of nervousness or excitement.

Some of them are doubtless an effort of the student to deliberately sidestep that particular part of the paper, because it happens to be a section of which he knows little or nothing, trusting that his action may be taken as a simple mistake and dealt with leniently. There are evidently some people who would rather be credited with such a mistake — which really is gross carelessness — than to admit that they don't know the proper answer required. They should wake up. To be known as inaccurate and careless is far more damaging to one's reputation for ability than to be man enough to admit ignorance of the subject; for it does not follow that one will remain always in ignorance, but once the habit of carelessness and inaccuracy is formed it becomes a master from whom one seldom escapes.

Then there are those who have simply misread or misunderstood the question. Perhaps they were in a hurry or perhaps to them the question really was not clear. For the mistakes due to hurry the remedy is obvious. To the student who does not understand a question and does not attempt to correct or enlighten himself by asking the instructor for help, there is little to say.

But what is the man to do who really cannot understand the question? Here again I do not know. It would, seem, however, that in most cases *careful attention to the course as taught should reveal a sufficient knowledge of the subject matter and of the instructor to enable any student of average mentality to interpret any and all of the questions ask-*

ed on the average college examination paper. Perhaps it might be worth trying anyway.

Remember — no answer, however well stated, which does not “hit the nail on the head” is a satisfactory answer, nor is it possible to give a satisfactory answer to any question if you lack either (1) a knowledge of the subject or (2) a proper understanding of the question as stated.

It Is Not Corinne!

A Short Story

By JESSIE MacLEOD, T. '24.

“I can't, Mam'selle. It is impossible. It is utterly out of the question. I simply can't do it!”

“Oh, but please M'sieu, if you only knew, I'm sure you would. Please decide quickly, M'sieu. There is so little time, and it means so much to me.”

I looked at her. Her big brown eyes held no deceit. “Alright,” I said quickly. “Where shall I land?”

“There is a landing on the roof of this hotel, M'sieu — and Oh, I thank you, more than a million times. Be here as the clock strikes the hour, M'sieu, if you could, if you would. Ah! but I know you will not fail me.”

I was there, waiting, shortly before seven o'clock. Everything was in readiness. Suddenly the roof-door opened and she came toward the machine. She was wrapped head to foot in furs. It was an hour's ride, and the air was cold, especially at an altitude.

Soon we were skimming through the air. She sat quietly for a few moments looking ahead into space. Quite suddenly she began to talk. “I must tell you

why, M'sieu, I have asked this great favor of you. It is a long story and when I have finished we shall, without doubt, be there.

“When I was a very little girl, we did not live in the best part of the city. My father kept a bakery store and he was not always kind to me. I played outside the door, on the street. My father would call, ‘Antoinette! Antoinette!’ Then I would run and deliver the parcel of bread or buns he gave me and come back again to my play outside the door. Sometimes the organ grinder would pass, and then I would dance. Always, M'sieu, I have loved to dance.

“One hot summer evening something wonderful happened. I was dancing in the street for my playmates when a man who was walking by stopped to watch me. When I finished, he carried me into the shop and stood me up on the counter. Then he said to my father. ‘For how much will you give her to me?’ and he gave my father much gold. He took out his watch and rings also and said ‘Will that suffice?’ So pretty soon I found myself being carried away by this new

kind stranger, into a newer, nicer part of the city. We came to a small white house set back from the street, and we stopped and went in.

Beside the table sat a little white-haired lady, whom I can scarcely remember. She held on her knee another little girl just about my size, and strange to say, M'sieu, she looked so much like me that she might have been my twin sister. Then, holding my hand, he said to the lady, 'See, Marie, what I have brought you. She can dance, Marie! She can dance!'

Then he played and I danced for them. I forgot I was among strangers. I thought again I was a fairy of the dawn dancing down to earthland when the night was going out, and I danced for them. When I finished, the little lady cried and laughed and put her arm about me too. Then she said to the other little girl, 'Corinne, she will be your sister. You can dance together, dear.'

"And so for many happy years I lived with my new parents and sister. Corinne and I studied under the best of dancing masters. But always I danced better than Corinne. My new father loved me much, but he would have liked it so, M'sieu, if Corinne had been I and I had been Corinne. When Corinne and I were sixteen years of age, our dear mother died and the last thing she said was 'May you, some day, Corinne, dance away the sadness from the hearts of the world.'

"Now, monsieur, we both dance. But I have gained more fame than Corinne. I hear the dear music begin to play, I forget all, everything, M'sieu, and then it is that I can really dance. But Corinne, M'sieu has never been able to entirely forget, and so—"

She shrugged her dainty shoulders and thrust out her little hands.—"Our dear father has aged. He is blind and has not long to live. His one hope before he

dies is to hear the audience laugh, cry and applaud when Corinne dances for them. Then and then only will he die happy.

"Tonight at nine Corinne dances in the "Orpheus" at Landresse. Our father has been in the south. He can no longer live in the north. But he has come up here, in spite of the doctor's orders, that Corinne might dance for him before he dies. If she should fail surely it will kill him, so she must not fail.

"This afternoon till six, I danced in the "Bijou" at Melandra. Tonight at nine I must dance, as Corinne, in the "Orpheus." Our father will sit in the front box. I must not tonight, however, entirely forget myself, still I must dance so well that the audience will be pleased and applaud loudly for me, for Corinne.

"When I have finished my dance for Corinne, she will go down and talk to my father, and you, M'sieu, will take me quickly back, to Melandra. But in a moment or so we shall be there. You will not fail me, M'sieu? You will be ready to start back as soon as I have finished? Ah, M'sieu, you are so very good!"

The machine landed on the theatre roof. She stepped out and almost immediately, she was gone.

At nine o'clock I sat in one end of the front box, a little, old man in the other. Suddenly, out from the draperies flitted a butterfly, a girl. Airy strains of music floated out from the stage; and the girl there danced. She whirled, she almost floated there, in the air. Like a little honey-colored butterfly she flitted, hovered, stopped, blew out a kiss to her audience, and was gone.

Nearby a woman wept. Suddenly there was a great outburst of applause. There was laughter and shouting: "Corinne! Corinne! Bis! Bis!" A tear from the sightless eyes of the old man near me fell on his withered hand. A wistful smile came and went on his face. There was

no doubt about it. Antoinette had accomplished her task.

But wait, she was dancing again. This time there was a spell cast over me. I thought again I was a boy, again, listening to the breaking of day. I could almost see the light clouds riding by and the old night hastening away. A thrill of pleasure passed through me. It was not so very long ago, and still —

In upon my musings broke a thundering of applause—"Hurrah for Corinne! Corinne!" But someone, somewhere near, cried out — "It is not Corinne! It is Antoinette! It is Antoinette! But Antoinette, on the stage, shook her head, bowed and smiled to her audience, then danced away.

Still the old man had heard. His face showed only hopelessness. Into the box came a girl whom I immediately recognized as Corinne.

"Father, are you pleased?" Her voice was even sweeter than that of Antoinette.

He spoke: "But Corinne, you would not so deceive such an old blind man. They say it was not you, Corinne. They say 'twas Antoinette."

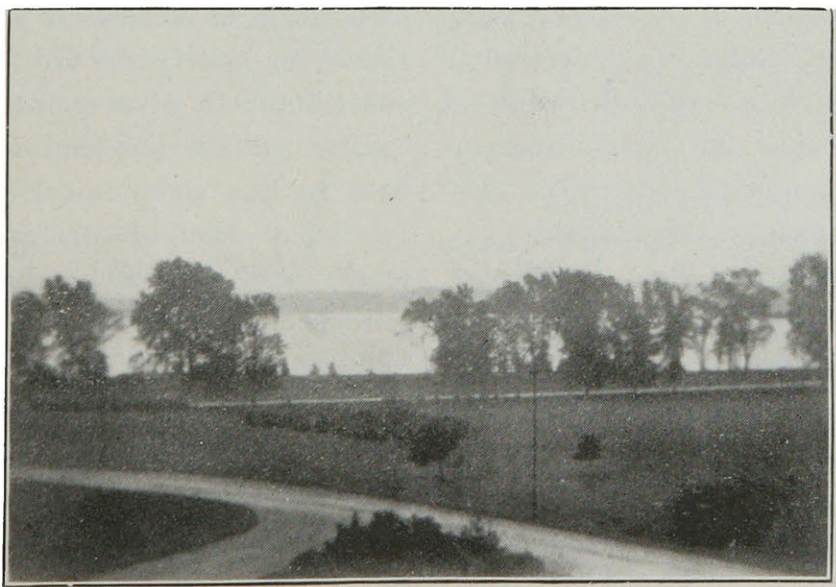
"This afternoon, my father, until six o'clock, Antoinette danced in Melandra. How could she come here and dance to-night? Oh my father, you hurt me!"

But the old man heeded not. "It is now nine-thirty. At ten the train leaves for Melandra. Quickly my daughter, we shall go then, and see if Antoinette is still there and if she is, Corinne, though I die, still shall I be happy."

They went out past me, the girl leading the man. They had scarcely gone when someone touched my sleeve. It was Antoinette. "M'sieu, come quickly. We must go back right away. The music made me forget myself. I was Antoinette then, not Corinne. But it will still be all right, M'sieu, if Antoinette can be sleeping in her little room in the hotel at Melandra, when our father arrives there—"

It was ten-thirty when the machine landed on the hotel roof at Melandra; and Antoinette went in. One hour later I watched a young girl and an old man get into a taxi at the railway station.

Finis



A Campus Scene



Dr. Carleton John Lynde

Macdonald's First Professor of Physics.

By J. F. SNELL

Dr. Carleton J. Lynde, Professor of Physics, departs July first to take up the duties of the newly established Chair of Physics, in the School of Practical Arts, Teacher's College, Columbia University, New York, to which he has been called.

His leaving makes the first break in the ranks of the original heads of the Departments of Science in Macdonald College. Dr. Harrison and Prof. Lochhead were on hand a year or more before the opening of the College advising Dr. Robertson on the plans and equipment of the Laboratories and assisting him in various other ways. Dr. Lynde and I arrived together on the first of July, 1907 (some four months ahead of the first students) and our intimate association in the

seventeen years that have followed has but continued a previous acquaintance of a similar stretch of time. Perhaps this association of a third of a century is sufficient to justify the Editor's choice of a contributor to give expression to the esteem in which Dr. and Mrs. Lynde are held in this community, and the regrets felt by all that his professional advancement involves the breaking of long-established happy ties.

Some account of Dr. Lynde's career may be interesting and not inappropriate to the purpose of this article. He is a native of the small town of Mitchell, Ontario. Amongst his early associates were the Duncan family, comprising three boys—of whom Robert was his senior and

Norman about his own age— and it is teacher of English in Brownell Hall and significant of Dr. Lynde's capacity for friendship that he has never lost touch with these boys.

From Mitchell the Lynde family moved to Madoc and from there in the early nineties our future Professor of Physics entered the University of Toronto. No doubt it was Robert Duncan's enthusiastic interest in the Honor Course of Chemistry and Mineralogy, which he was pursuing, that induced both his brother Norman and his friend Carl to tread in his footsteps for a time. Robert held to his first love throughout his life, reaching high distinction as a popular writer on chemistry and still greater fame as an organizer of co-operation in scientific research, between universities and great industrial concerns, the Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh being the fruit of his efforts supported by the private resources of the present Secretary of the Treasury of the U. S. Norman soon realized that his talents were literary rather than scientific and dropped out of the University into journalism, leading to a distinguished though all too brief, career as a writer of stories. Carl Lynde, finding himself more in his element than Norman, won a scholarship and a medal and graduated with honors in 1895.

After a brief experience as a laboratory assistant in the University of Buffalo, he went to Auburn, N. Y. to succeed Robert Duncan as Science Master in the Academic High School. In one of the upper classes of that school was a girl of exceptional charm and intellectuality, named Helen Storke. She does not appear to have been specially interested in Physics or Chemistry, but subsequent developments suggest that she harbored no dislike for those who were. She went to Vassar and after graduation, to Omaha, Nebraska, then to Troy, New York, as a

teacher of English in Brownell Hall and in the Emma Willard School, respectively. Meanwhile in 1899 the Science Master, whose centre of interest had veered from Chemistry to Physics, passed on to Chicago as Instructor in Physics in the University High School, a position which he held till 1906, at the same time taking graduate work in the University of Chicago with one year off for study in Germany. In 1905 he attained the double dignity of Doctor of Philosophy and husband of Helen Storke.

At the end of the next year he sought a College position. Amongst the possibilities was Queen's and his credentials were sent to the late Sir Sandford Fleming who consulted with Dr. James W. Robertson concerning them. At that time the two Duncans were on the Faculty of Washington and Jefferson College at Washington, Pa. near Pittsburgh—Robert as Professor of Chemistry and Norman as Associate Professor of English. A Professor of Physics was needed there and the outcome was that Queen's chose another man and the Lyndes moved into Washington as the Duncans moved out—the Auburn incident repeating itself with variations. Dr. Robertson's favorable impression did not fade, however, and after one year's stay in Washington, a Professor of Physics being then needed for Macdonald College, Dr. Lynde returned to his native land and Mrs. Lynde left hers for the new experience of residence in a foreign—though not too foreign—land.

Dr. Lynde's Department originally included work in the School for Teachers as well as in the other two Schools of the College. In the School of Agriculture he had charge of the Mathematics and part of the work now included in the Department of Agricultural Engineering. His staff at one time reached the number of three—Professor, Instructor and Research Assistant.

There have been associated with him Mr. F. W. Bates, now Director of Rural Education in Saskatchewan; Dr. A. Norman Shaw, Associate Professor of Physics in McGill; two English brothers, H. A. and J. V. Dupre, who went to Government positions in Ottawa; Mr. Robert Dougall from South Africa, who afterwards taught History in the University of Maine; a Mr. Baird from the University of New Brunswick, and a Miss MacDougall from Ontario. He began alone, and he ends alone, the scope of his Department having been diminished at his own suggestion.

The seventeen years of his Professorship in Macdonald have been productive ones, not only in the direct contact with responsive pupil minds, but also in research and in publication. His most active period of research was naturally in the days when he had a research assistant — the days of the Duprees. His work on osmosis and capillary lift added materially to our knowledge of the physics of soils. Drainage survey work in this Province was begun by him. For some three years the Government sent French students to Macdonald College to receive instruction in drainage from Dr. Lynde. Much of his spare time has been devoted to writing text books and newspaper contributions. His "Home Waterworks" was published in 1911 as one of a series on Country Life, edited by Ernest Ingersoll. His "Physics of the Household" was issued by the Macmillan Company in 1914 and has found wide use as a text book. A Laboratory Manual appeared in 1917 to serve as a companion to the Physics of the Household. In 1920-21, he contributed three volumes to a series of booklets written to accompany sets of educative toys. These are entitled Hydraulic and Pneumatic Engineering for Boys, Light experiments for Boys and Experimental Glass Blowing for

Boys. His lectures on these toys have been in demand, and he has the distinction of being the only Macdonald Professor who has contributed to the course of Juvenile Lectures given at McGill in the Christmas vacation. He has for some ten years contributed descriptions of Farm Inventions to a weekly news service appearing in Canada, the United States, Great Britain, South Africa, New Zealand and Australia. For a short time in the hope of bringing the College into closer touch with the rural population, he edited a News Bulletin issued to the local newspapers of the Province.

In the Faculty Dr. Lynde has the reputation of being one of the most skilful and effective teachers of the staff. He is also distinguished for his sympathetic attitude towards the student. In this respect some might be disposed to describe him as "generous to a fault." He has been a good friend to the newcomers at the College, quickly getting into sympathetic touch with them and advising them acceptably about their studies and organizations. Having always been active in sports, he has taken a live interest in the students' athletic activities. Both Mrs. Lynde and he have been interested in the literary and debating work, and their home has been a most hospitable one. They have both been active in community work, Dr. Lynde taking a special interest in the Boy Scouts, and Mrs. Lynde in the Women's Club, the Victorian Order of Nurses and the Parent-Teacher Association.

In leaving Ste. Anne de Bellevue and Macdonald College, Dr and Mrs. Lynde (as well as Mr. Jack Lynde, who came as an infant and departs as a University student) will carry with them the best wishes and kindest regards of a very wide circle of friends. We wish them joy and success in their new environment.

Stag or Mixed Tables?

Should we have 'stag' or mixed tables? If I were asked to answer this question I would, if I thought only of my personal tastes, answer emphatically, "Stag!" When, however, the broader aspects of the question are considered — the influence on college spirit, the opportunities for the appreciation of those residing on the opposite side of the campus, the initial benefits, social and intellectual, derived by sitting at the same tables as those of the other sex, the answer must be "Mixed Tables."

We should not regard our college career as being for the selfish purpose of acquiring knowledge of how to teach, how to manage an institution or a home, or how successfully to run a farm, or do research work in Agriculture. If these be the only aims from college life we are losing sight of the target, we are shooting wide. We are, each and every one of us, in possession of a veritable treasure of opportunity for meeting a few hundred others, exchanging thoughts, getting others' viewpoints and sharing their sympathies — all for our mutual benefit. Some of us are, however, presumably so selfish and self-satisfied that we make no attempt, nor will we allow others, to tap the resources at our command. We are content to shut ourselves up in our own shells, and we resent interference, however well meant it may be.

Meeting at mixed tables will, if it can do nothing else, serve as a means of breaking the ice. I am perfectly aware that sitting together for years will not bring together those who do not wish to become acquainted. These are not the ones we are seeking to help — we are thinking of shy individuals who need every encouragement in the difficult matter of making acquaintance. Sitting at

mixed tables would afford a natural and easy means for their meeting others.

Unfortunately, owing to the efforts of a few short sighted "leaders" on both sides of the campus the idea of separate tables for men and women is so well implanted that it cannot easily be eradicated. Any attempts to change the present order would be hotly resented and doomed to failure. On that question, as in many others, our first thoughts, and sometimes only thoughts, are for our own personal interests and desires. The common good never finds a place in our minds. I have no hesitation in stating that the lack of interest in college activities which has been too much in evidence during this year could have to a great extent been avoided had we been better acquainted with others across the campus.

Sitting at "stag" tables results in a certain laxity in table manners. No matter how well-intentioned some of us may be, we cannot in the long run resist the strong temptation to follow the lead of those who will, out of sheer deviltry persist in shouting "Shoot the grease," "Pass the goo" "Kick the cow down this way" and similar expressions which perhaps if mentioned may encourage further the practice. I am not averse to all this I secretly enjoy it—but I dread the idea of losing during the coming holidays my self-control when I sit at my parents' or friends' dinner tables. Even now when occasionally dining out of college a sickening feeling comes over me when I suddenly discover that I have stretched across the table for something. The deed is, however, done and I must endure my shame, as I dare not ascribe it to the influence of stag tables at college. At stag tables conversation flags or is confined to our own immediate interests. We attend the same classes, hear the same lec

tures, and not content with that we sit together as a class at the same dinner tables. Then we retail current class gossip, we tell the others that we are due to teach Grade x how to play marbles, or that dusting the apartment was a bore.

No wonder our range of sympathies is limited, no wonder that when we meet others we are at a loss for topics of conversation. But why should we be influenced by all these considerations? Hurrah for 'stag' tables!

Pleasures of Loafing

We normal human beings are very often tempted to seek pleasure without a thought for the consequences. The easiest way appeals to us more than the "straight and narrow," and we wonder why we get so very little done. But the wise people bring us back from our "seventh heaven," or thereabouts and tell us that "he who would have the perfection of pleasure must be moderate in the use of it." Our first trip in an aeroplane is full of thrills, excitement and pleasure, but if we were to have a "fly" every day in our lives, would not the thrills wear off and leave us pure endurance? And so, all pleasures, whether of idleness or play, must be looked upon as precious gems, to be locked up and worn only on special occasions. Special occasions! That is the fly in the ointment, for many of us do not know a special occasion from any other occasion. It is not for me to say when you may spend a day in idleness, but I leave that to you and to your own intellectual ability. May the gods speed you in your enterprise!

One summer, I was fortunate enough to spend my holidays by the sea coast. My sister and I usually found time to go for long walks, either along the shore or up into the hills. But one morning I happened to stroll down to the shore, alone, too tired and "lazy" to do anything else but find a seat, made by Nature among the rocks, and to settle myself

comfortably in it. The sky was a mass of cloudless blue and beneath was the peaceful sea, rolling its waves into the shore, where they played and dashed against the rocks. It was an ideal day for dreaming, and I gave myself up entirely to that pastime.

The sea occupied my thoughts first. It looked so alluring that I began to realize the meaning of "the call of the sea" to some men. And yet it was as changeful as a woman, perhaps another reason why it fascinated men. Who would think that the silent sea could turn treacherous, and at Neptune's command, bring sorrow and despair to thousands of people! May I have no "drowning mark" upon me.

Then, as my mind will play me tricks, my thoughts were turned to a never-far-distant subject, the future and its relations with the "little world of me." I suppose every schoolgirl has her dreams, and I, being no exception to the rule, had, and still have, mine. I thought about the many lands that I had never seen, but read of in books and, lately, in the papers. How I would love to travel, to visit Rome, Paris, the Holy Land, and England! To do this, I would have to cross the ocean. The ocean! "The very word was like a bell to toll me back," and I sat and gazed on those peaceful waters, calm and quiet, "as silent as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." The song of the sea was lulling me to

sleep. My eyes closed and I lost myself in a delightful feeling of unconsciousness. I dreamed wild dreams but what they were, is beyond my power of comprehension, for

"Dreams are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconsistent than the wind."

Time has passed. I look back upon that morning I spent "loafing" beside

the sea, as one of the most pleasant passages in my life. And yet, "it is characteristic of pleasure that we can never recognize it as pleasure until after it is gone." May the gods favour me with many more such "pleasures of loafing." With the poet I sing —

"Pleasure! thou only good on earth!
One little hour resigned to thee—
O! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth
The sage's immortality."

REVERIE

Seated one day in my class-room—
I was quite at my Sophomore ease;
My eyes were wandering eagerly
Over pages of high degrees!

I know not what I was seeking,
Nor what I was studying there,
But my eyes fell upon one quotation
That plunged me in depths of despair.

"You are only a tiny atom—
One wee drop in the ocean of life!"—
It was this that crushed all of my spirit,
And filled me with darkness and strife.

That poisonous declaration—
That miserable, wretched line,
That came from the soul of some author,
And entered into mine!

It may be next year will be able
To rid me of that dark belief;
It may be that only as a Senior
Can my vanity find a relief!

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Another College Year has come, and, like the preceding sixteen in the young life of Macdonald, will soon remain only as a memory. It is customary to review the term and the various student activities in the last issue of the Magazine. Upon the academic work of the three Schools we are not qualified to pass judgment—at least not until the examination results are out—but we feel that studiousness has been just as prominent an attribute of this year's student body as of any previous one.

The various organizations have all had successful years. The Literary and Debating Society upheld its reputation in most respects and excelled it in others.

The debates were up to standard, and we understand the Public Speaking Contest was the best in years, while the Teacher-Science engagement will long be remembered as one of the big features.

Athletics, however have suffered from want of sufficient men. This especially with reference to the College teams, for the Inter-Class games were as popular as ever and keenly contested. It is clear, however, that something should be done to bolster up the College teams for an institution such as Macdonald should be satisfied with nothing less than the best. Already the Athletic Executive is preparing plans to increase interest in athletics next year, but this should not be all. Rec-

ognition of the meagre supply of material available should be taken and a new policy adopted until such times as the student body increases, either in the form of curtailment of certain lines of sport and concentration on a lesser number or by way of securing assistance of capable coaches.

The Cercle Français had an active season, accomplishing the difficult task of staging a French play; the M. C. C. A. held its usual Sunday evening sing-songs as well as engaging speakers on several occasions, and the Social Activities Committee, although hampered by the measles epidemic which necessitated the postponement of several Saturday evening dances, was not inactive.

All in all, the year has not been outstanding in the annals of the College, but it certainly has been a successful one. There have been many factors tending to hinder the full realization of a real College life, chief of which are the small number of men students and, of course, the measles. Nevertheless we look back with pleasure upon the various functions throughout the year and feel that we have enjoyed ourselves immensely.

* * *

The Graduating Class in Agriculture is the first to have entered Macdonald and completed the course under the new entrance requirements and revised curriculum inaugurated in 1921. Its members, therefore, in going forth from Macdonald have a double duty. They must live up to not only all the ideals for which their Alma Mater stands but also to the new standard of excellence which the B. S. A. Degree now represents. They carry with them the good wishes of all at Macdonald for success in their future life.

To our friends across the Campus, we must also say farewell — some for good and others for only a few months.

Somehow we find this a difficult task, for we — at least most of us — seem to become better acquainted with the fair members of the student body who are here but a short time than we do with the boys who have been our associates for three and four years. How this can be, we can only hazard a guess —, but in saying good-bye to the girls of '24 we can truthfully say—in spite of the infrequency of Saturday evening functions, 'stag' tables and the 'big dance' difficulties — that not a friendlier, more willing or enthusiastic lot has ever graced the precincts of the Women's Residence — Good-bye and good luck.

* * *

Elsewhere in this issue appears an appreciation of Dr. and Mrs. Lynde on the occasion of Dr. Lynde's resignation from the Faculty of the College. All graduates and students of Macdonald will long cherish a remembrance of Dr. Lynde, not only as Professor of Physics but also as a true friend. With Mrs. Lynde he has been ever interested in the students; their hospitality was unbounded. We are sorry to have to say good bye, and wish them all success in their new environment.

* * *

Those of us who have any knowledge of the ancient institutions and pleasant traditions of the Old Country are inclined to be critical of what we term the rawness of the New World. Rupert Brooke neatly expressed the universal sentiment, when he described the American woods as being devoid of nymphs and fairies. The manifest truth of such criticism, however, does not justify our dismissing the matter without further discussion. To say, for example that we, as students of a great Canadian University, do not possess the advantages which the Oxonian derives from the hallowed associations of nine centuries, is to state only half the truth, for upon us of this generation de-

voles the duty of formulating traditions, which will distinguish the Canadian civilization of the future.

To those who remember her in 1907, Macdonald must have already made great advances. Already our surroundings begin to lose their first obtrusive new-ness, and to acquire that indescribable something which localities derive from human association. But that is not sufficient. It is for us to realize the obligations conferred by our privileges and formulate for Macdonald men and women a code of honour more rigid, a more exacting standard of success, than prevail among those who do not share our advantages.

We acknowledge with thanks the following Exchanges: —

O. A. C. Review, Cornell Countryman, Managra, Illinois Agriculturist, Dalhousie Gazette, Queen's Journal, The Mitre, The Sheaf, The College Times, Vox Collegii, the Occident, St. Andrew's College Review and Scientific Agriculture.

* * *

The article entitled "Telephone Seed" in the February-March issue of the Magazine should read — by R. P. Gorham, Agr. '11 in place of R. P. Graham, Agr. '11.



Correspondence

The Editor,
The Macdonald College Magazine.
Dear Editor,

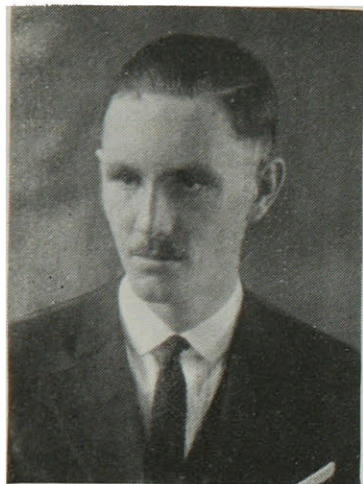
It has often occurred to me that the one thing lacking in our Agricultural graduates from Macdonald is a knowledge of French. This fact has become particularly apparent to me of late, in fact the lack of a speaking knowledge of French has and will continue to have considerable bearing on the positions secured by our graduates. How many positions do we see advertised to-day which do not require the French language? Very few, especially in the Province of Quebec, yet

we find ourselves as an Agricultural College situated in a province where the majority of the population is French turning out men who are almost entirely ignorant as far as a knowledge of French goes.

Far be it from me to suggest any additions or corrections to our present course in Agriculture, yet I think the addition of French to our curriculum is food for thought and should be given some consideration.

Respectfully yours,
G. S. Matthews.

The Graduating Class in Agriculture



G. S. MATTHEWS ("Matty")

"Why so shy, gentle one— with such a brilliant moustache?"

Lachute, Que. Lachute Academy 1919. Entered Macdonald 1919. College rugby, soccer and hockey teams. Capt. rugby team 1924. Class debater two years. President House Committee and treasurer Students' Council Fall term 1924. Magazine Board. Athletic Executive.

Option:—Agronomy.

Favourite expression:—"There's no reason why."

Hobby:—Jean.

JOSEPH A. McGARIGLE ("Mac")

*"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."*

Garstang, Lancs., England. George Heriot's School, Edinburgh, Scotland. Took first two years of course at Edinburgh University. Served with E. U. O. T. C. and R. A. F. Temp-Cadet, Royal Irish Constabulary. Entered Macdonald 1922. Magazine Board 1922-23 and Bus. Mgr. 1923-24. Class Debater 3rd, and 4th years. Pres. Lit. and Debating Socy., Mgr. Boxing and Fencing Club, Athletic Executive 1923-24. College Rugby. Class Basketball and Baseball teams. Class Prophet.

Option:—Selective.

Favourite Expression:—"Well, how's the man?"

Hobby:—Early rising.



C. RITSON MITCHELL ("Mitch")

E'en though vanquished, he could argue still"

Georgetown, British Guiana. Queen's College. Guiana Scholar, 1919. Entered Macdonald 1920. College Lit. and Deb. Soc. Executive, 1920-24. Winner Elocutionary Contest two years. Class debater, Freshman and Senior years. Dance Committee two years. Magazine board 1921, Editor-in-Chief, 1922-23. Sec'y-Treas. Senior Class. Class Historian. Class baseball and basketball teams. College Rugby.

Option:—Selective.

Favourite Saying:—"Well, how 'bout it?"

Hobby:—Tickling the ivories.



ROBERT H. SMITH ("Smithy")

"Much study is a weariness to the flesh."

Basseterre, St. Kitts, B. W. I. The Lodge School, Barbados, B. W. I. Entered Macdonald 1920. Magazine Board 1921-23. Treas. House Committee 1922-23. Pres. House Committee 1923-24. Mgr. College Baseball 1922-24. Class Pres. and Treas. Students' Council 1923-24. Individ. Champ. (Athletics 1923-24.) College and Class Baseball and Basketball teams.

Option:—Plant Pathology.

Favourite Expression:— "Eventually — why not now?"

Hobby:—Listening in.



GEORGE S. WALSH ("Stan")

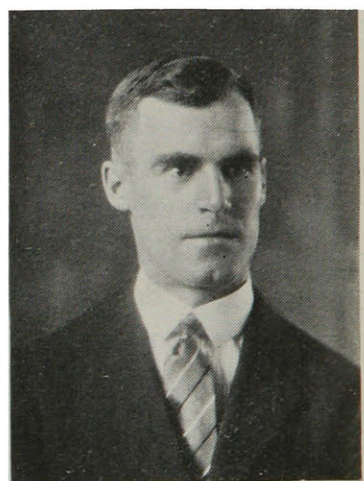
"Chickens for a quiet life"

Kingston, Ont. Gault Institute, Valleyfield. Que. Strathcona Academy. Outremont, Que. Class Secy. and Mgr. College Baseball 1920-21. Class Secy., Mgr. College Hockey, and Secy. House Committee 1921-22. Class Vice-Pres., Vice-Pres. Athletic Assoc., Mgr. College Hockey 1922-23. Class Vice-Pres., Pres. Athletic Assoc. 1923-24. College Hockey, Class Hockey, Baseball and Basketball.

Option:—Poultry.

Favourite Expression:—"For gosh sakes."

Hobby:—Humming that tune.



KENNETH STEWART ("Stew")

*"A smooth and steadfast mind"**Gentle thoughts and kind desires"*

Halifax, N. S. Ottawa Collegiate Institute. Enlisted 1914. In France 1916 with 4th Machine Gun Coy., 2nd. Can. Div. Wounded at Vimy May 1917. Returned to France 1918. Decorated at Cambrai, 1918. Entered Macdonald 1920. Class Pres. 1920-23. Treas. Students' Council 1921-22. Secy. Athletic Assoc. 1921-22. Student's Council 1922-23. Treas. Athletic Assoc. 1922-23. Gov.-General's Medal and Frederick John Longworth Memorial Prize. Class Debater Senior year. Pres. Students' Council 1923-24. College Rugby, Class Basketball and Baseball teams.

Option:—Entomology.

Favourite Expression:—That sunavergun."

Hobby:—The art of teaching.



History of Class '24

It was late in October 1920, when a joyous throng of warriors trooped into Macdonald's halls, filled with the unholy thought that their arrival was marking the dawn of a new period. So it did; not, as was imagined, in the history of the university, but in themselves, though two of the originals immediately fell by the wayside in their grading exercises. College life was immediately entered into with a great deal of gusto by the remainder when the peppy Sophs sought to and established a speaking acquaintance with them on that memorable night of initiation. As we had all left happy homes to seek an understanding of the heartless ways of a cold and cruel world, their affection was reciprocated, and after the ceremonies we supped, flitted around the campus on a torchlight parade, war-whooped, and snake-danced through the town the next day. And when three rousing cheers were given for Agr. '24, our hearts leapt and visualized the far distant day. And now it's here we can hardly picture ourselves in variegated skull-caps and green bow-ties, shorn poms and patchy marcel's!

Yes, enough was too much, and so we organized, electing Kenneth Stewart to the Presidency. Finding our numbers too small to place a full team in all the various college activities, the new Winter Course, after being accorded their admission attentions, were taken into the fold. The Sophs, our traditional rivals, felt the strength of the combination and bowed to a superior team on many occasions. In athletics the Class has broken no records, but Smith has always distinguished himself on Field Days, and every member of the Class now wears his College "M." won in some major sport. After the settling — not without eventful occurrences — of such weighty matters as

the design of the class pin, and colours, we rushed off to the Bursar and paid our year's board in advance — using up all Dad's egg profits of the year — for fear we would be fined for not paying strictly in advance. The class itself then settled down, but it was with great relief that the usual "Hip Hip Hooray" of youthful fancy was given to mark the close of our first session. The Cereal Department then took advantage of the "working ability" of three of the class, and it was here that the tuneful melodies of one of this trio were developed. Another developed such a love for play that he went West.

Our Sophomore year saw the loss of two of our members whose interest would not allow them to return. Ken Stewart was again elected President, for he had shown he possessed that saving common sense that would restrain the spirit of ungodly exuberance which, as Sophs, we were sure to exhibit on every giddy occasion. The welcoming rites to the new Freshman class having been duly performed, the Class put its house in order and proceeded to make a smart name for itself. Its record in this direction cannot be said to be all that can be desired, but what Sophomore year can so boast? Its notoriety for fussing was nobly upheld by its athletes, and its fondness for forestry and the dimensions of flag-poles will be remembered by many. Its ability to debate, to be punctual, and to practise apiculture got it into most troubled waters. The president will not likely forget the hort. lecture he was the only one to receive. It was also in this year that the exact theoretical ratios were obtained in experiments on the different generations of *Drosophila*.

Oil was poured on the troubled Soph

waters when in the Junior year the members left the dull routine of general work for the fascinating fields of specialization in agronomy, entomology, plant pathology, chemistry, and chicken. (Especially in the latter did its taste become definite). In this year Ken Hay, one of the best boxers of the class and of the college, did not return to continue his course in Animal Husbandry and a good man was lost. The class retained its prestige however by the timely arrival of Matty, Mac. (late of the R. I. C.), Bob (of Truro fame), and a member of the fair sex. We therefore began to carry ourselves with majestic deportment, and redeemed our rash behaviour of the previous year — all in preparation for the Senior reign, which has come to be characterised by the replacement of the old care-free feeling by a deep seriousness. Pleasure has given way to hard study, but just to show we were human, we carried the supps we had left behind us, practised field work

in the testing of new strawberry varieties, and did considerable research work on the picking of apples by moonlight. Thus after four years of struggle the signing of the pact will take place on May 30. Though we have not done all the mighty deeds that we so fondly dreamed of in those far-off Freshman days, we have much to be thankful for. We leave with a genuine feeling of regret, and count ourselves lucky to have been to Mac. Modesty forbids us to consider ourselves the best class that has graduated for quite a long time, and our participation in this finale can be attributed only to the kindness of the professors — and our own ingenuity. We thank everybody, one and all, for the kindnesses they have shown us, and hope you will cheer with us:

Gazilly, Gazally, Gazilly, Gazay.

Get out, get out, get out of the way!

Reemo, Rymo, Sis Boom Bah—

One nine two four, Rah! Rah! Rah!



Household Science--B.H.S.

MARY IMOGENE CLARK



*"Now stir the fire and close the shutter fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa 'round."*

Born Lewiston, Me. Educated (?) two years at Queens. Exiled to Mac in 1922. Athletic Executive 1922-23. Lit. Executive and Assistant Business Manager on Mag. 1923-24. Literary star and mirth provoker of class. Historian and prophet.

Hobby:—Rashes.

Saying:—"I wonder what she wants me for now."

Ambition:—To stay off the carpet.

MARY ELAINE DODGE, B. A.

"Oh Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

Born Kentville, N. S. Graduated from Mount Allison University in 1923. Has "graced" us with her presence for one year. Athletic Executive and hockey team 1923-24.

Hobby:—Beans, and the unexpected.

Saying:—"Rah, rah, Majill."

Ambition:—To satisfy Miss Cruise (!)



DOROTHY MAUD SANGSTER

*"Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!"*

Born Sherbrooke, Que. Educated two years at McGill, then two years incubation at Mac. Lit. Executive, S. C. A., and Pres. Women's Athletic Assoc. 1922-23. Pres. House Committee fall term 1923. Class pres. 1923-24. Mag. board, hockey, and swimming.

Hobby:—Boosting bobbed hair.

Saying:—Not saying.

Ambition:—To keep the wheels oiled.



ELSIE GOWANS WATT

*"And when you stick on conversation's burs
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful ers."*

Born Ste. Annes, Que. Educated two years at McGill. Thence strayed to Mac. Class Pres. 1922-23. Has not yet succeeded in getting into residence. (and never will.)

Hobby:—Biological investigational cookery.

Saying:—"Let me think."

Ambition—To write legibly.





MARY ARCHIBALD

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

Born: Oxford, N. S. Educated: Oxford High School. Representative on Students' Council. Secretary of Home Economics Club.

Hobby:—Collecting McGill specimens.

Favorite Saying:—I should hope to tell you.

Ambition:—To have agency for Crescent Dishwashers.

BEULAH BEAMISH ("Bue")

"Ah! Why should life all labour be?"

Born: North Bay, Ont. Educated: North Bay Collegiate Institute, Havergal College, St. Hilda's College. Class secretary '24. Hockey, manager '24.

Hobby:—Copying notes.

Favorite Saying:—For cats sakes!

Ambition:—To invent a new Armstrong heater.



RUTH CUNNINGHAM

"No faults has she, or I no faults can spy."

Born: Westmount, Montreal, P. Q. Educated: Macdonald High School. P. Q.; Model Teachers' Course.

Hobby:—Bolting meals.

Favorite Saying:—Just a minute—

Ambition:—To run according to schedule.

ALICE M. CATTANACH ("Jim")

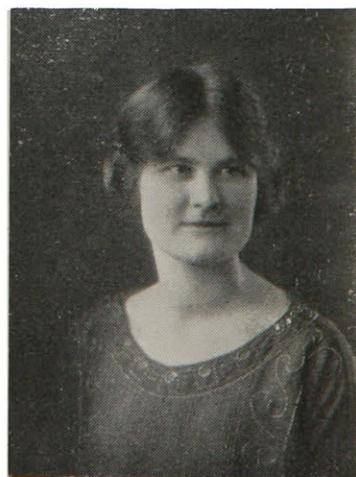
"Is merry as the day is long."

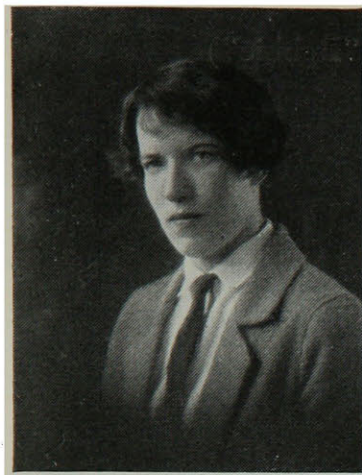
Born: Williamstown, Ont. Educated: Williamstown High School. Vice-president of S. C. A. '24.

Hobby:—Reading tea cups.

Favorite Saying:—Do you love me?"

Ambition:—To make pop-overs pop.





IRENE DELAHAYE ("Jimmy")

"She never burned the midnight oil in search of useless knowledge."

Born: Pembroke, Ont. Educated: Pembroke High School, Ontario Ladies' College, Queen's University, President of Women's Athletic Association.

Hobby:—Shingling hair.

Favorite Saying:—O Gee! I laughed.

Ambition:—To judge bread at country fairs.

ELSIE DOUGLAS ("Dougie")

"There's nothing half so sweet in life, as love's young dream."

Born: Stanley, N. B. Educated: Fredericton High School; Netherwood, Rothesay; University of New Brunswick; vice-president of class '24.

Hobby:—Getting Rusty.

Favorite Saying:—Girls, he smiled at me!

Ambition:—To get to Winnipeg.



HILDRED R. DURANT.

*"A girl not given to words or strife,
But once a friend, a friend for life."*

Born: Chesterville, Ont. Educated: Chesterville High School.

Hobbies:—Too numerous to mention.

Favorite Saying:—My lands' sakes!

Ambition:—To exterminate bees.

MILDRED GOODEVE

*"To care no whit whate'er befall,
To go my own sweet way."*

Born: Ottawa, Ont. Educated: Edgehill, N. S. Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

Hobby:—Drinking tea and chatting.

Favorite Saying:—O you ass!

Ambition:—To use an excelsior Diamond Bread Cutter.





ELSIE GRAY ("Bobbie")

*"Now that my task is smoothly done,
I can fly and I can run."*

Born: Point Fortune, Que. Educated Ottawa Collegiate Institute. Representative on Literary and Debating Society.

Hobby:—Getting to meals on time(?)

Favorite Saying:—By Gosh!

Ambition:—A tea room in St. John, N. B.

MARJORIE KERR (Marje)

"Wont to speak plain and to the purpose."

Born: Belleville, Ont. Educated: Belleville High School.

Hobby:—Eating peanuts

Favorite Saying:—Say kiddo—

Ambition:—To become "Holy."



DOROTHY MUNRO ("Dot.")

"It's no sign of a lady to hurry."

Born: Pictou, N. S. Educated Pictou Academy. Class Representative on S. C. A.

Hobby:—Getting there.

Favorite Saying:—O you little rascal.

Ambition:—To perfect angel cakes.

HELEN SHAW MUNRO ("Newt.")

*"Alas! Alas! I awake too soon,
I must needs slumber again."*

Born: Stellarton, N. S. Educated: Stellarton High School; Acadia Ladies' College. Sec'ty. of Class '23.

Hobby:—Getting in wrong.

Favorite Saying:—Well for crying out loud.

Ambition:—To remodel clothes.





JEAN MUTCH

"She seems to be quiet but one never knows."

Born: Charlottetown, P. E. I. Educated Prince of Wales College. Secretary of House Committee '24.

Hobby:—Taking her late leave.

Favorite Saying:—I hardly think so.

Ambition:—"To have all the Stew I ken."

EVELYN PETTES

"Much study hath made her lean and pale and leaden-eyed."

Born: Knowlton, Que. Educated: Knowlton High School. Class president '24. President of House Committee '24. Vice-president of Students' Council '24.

Hobby:—Buying Bransoms.

Favorite Saying: Hey! Listen!

Ambition:—To be a stenographer in the Bursars' office.



CLASS HISTORY OF B. H. S. '24

In the fall of the year 1922, the three fore-runners of our class each entered the precincts of Macdonald in her own individual manner. Our fair-haired member, who came from Sherbrooke entered by the big gates, she being always the dignified one. Our St. Annes member, who is distinguished by her black hair hurried across the street for the first time and slid through the little side gate. However the third member coming from Kingston arrived late and entered by the back way. We don't know whether her mode of entry overshadowed her ensuing career at Mac, but one can never tell.

It did not take long to get acquainted. We made a good start, and a characteristic one, by missing our first lab. period. After this debut, events followed swiftly. During our first term we learned the val-

ue of washing by kneading and squeezing, and spent many enjoyable hours in making little samples for sewing class. We carried on our good work into our second term when we were precipitated into our first great adventure—The Apartment. Our experiences here were many and varied but it is sufficient to say that we learned much of bantams, hysterics, pot-black and gas stoves during our short stay there.

Our education was not neglected along social lines either. We shall never forget our first coasting party and how funny a certain boy looked when he jumped off the ironing board. Another bright spot in our social career was the party given by the boys for the B. H. S. girls, with Miss Babb as chaperone. "A good time was had by all."

The crowning event of our first year, however, was the trip to the "Montreal Star." No one of us ever thinks of that trip without a wicked little grin. Any one of us could, as a result, write an excellent satire on human nature.

In June, we left for a well deserved holiday which was spent advantageously in compiling lists of equipment for our kitchens. The amount of money spent on stamps was appalling and would have bought many poached eggs at Mrs Wright's.

When we returned to our duties the following year, an addition to our class arrived in the person of a B. A. from Mount Allison University. We welcomed her gladly and she has been of great service to us both in Chemistry lab. and in satisfying our craving for the Bostonian baked beans.

This year we have been much busier

than last. How could we help it, with functions, demonstrations, teaching and measles? We paid a very interesting visit to the schools of Montreal and another one to the kitchens of various important institutions.

Our social life this year has also been eventful. It has been marked by another sliding party and numberless Chemistry Labs.

There have been many other events and experiences worthy of mention here, such as the trip to Joubert's Dairy with Dr. Hood, several business meetings with Miss Philp, several differences of opinion regarding Senior privileges and Miss Dodge's midnight walk with brown and pink Mah Jongg costume.

Now we are awaiting our fate. We all have hopes of graduating with many degrees but hope that none of us have a temperature of over 102 degrees.



SPHAGETTI

I walked into the dining-room. Gosh, I was hungry!
The song of grace began to boom; it made me angry.
I slipped into my wooden chair, unnoticed, yea, by all;
And gazed upon the spicy fare, spicy beyond recall.

In time my plate was passed along,—a token of sphagetti.
I forthwith burst right into song — "a la confetti."
My dainty little fork I raised, and stabbed the evil food;
It slipped and fell and seemed quite dazed—yet looked so good.

I flushed, I squirmed, I looked around; yes, they had seen it all!
And laughed to hear it hit the ground when it did chance to fall,
Thus Fate dealt me a fearful blow, and ruined my once good name
My once proud head is now hung low — Sphagetti is to blame

—T. M. K.

Faculty Items

Professor Wm. Lochhead and Mrs. Lochhead have returned from a four months' trip to England, Scotland and Ireland. Professor Lochhead went overseas to place before public school boys the advantage of scientific training in Agriculture in Canada for those boys who purpose to settle on the land in Canada. He visited in all thirty-two public schools and met with a warm reception from the head masters, the boys, the parents and the press. It is expected that about a dozen boys will come to Canada this summer to take up the study of agriculture at Macdonald College. The Canadian Pacific Railway has undertaken to place them on selected farms for the summer months to enable them to obtain some experience in Canadian farming before they enter the college in the autumn. Professor Lochhead recommended the boys leaving public school at eighteen years of age to take up this work and he has been assured by the head masters that there will be a steady stream of boys leaving for Canada at this age. He believes that the campaign should be continued until all of the 140 public schools have been visited.

The 16th Annual Meeting of the Quebec Society for the Protection of Plants was held on Wednesday, April 23rd, in the Biology Bldg. Prof. Wm. Lochhead, who organized the Society, was re-elected President. Dr. B. T. Dickson, who has been Sec. Treas. for 5 years resigned and Dr. E. M. DuPorte took over. Dr. Dickson was appointed a Director and Mr. J. G. Coulson, auditor.

The Society publishes an Annual Report which is world-wide in circulation and the meeting serves to bring together men from other centres. This year, for example there were present, beside regular members, Dr. W. H. Brittain from

Truro Agricultural College, Prof. J. E. Howitt from Ontario Agricultural College, Prof. Dalbis of the University of Montreal, Mr. H. T. Gussow, Dominion Botanist, Mr. W. A. Ross, Entomologist at Vineland, Ont.

Papers were read by Dr. DuPorte, Dr. Dickson, T. C. Vanterpool, W. L. Gordon, G. A. Scott, T. Armstrong, R. H. Smith and K. E. Stewart from the College.

Principal Harrison welcomed the visiting scientists in a very able and concise speech during the course of which he pointed out the regrettable results likely to accrue as a result of the discontinuance of the Federal Grant.

Dr. B. T. Dickson will attend the forthcoming meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, May 20-22nd at Quebec and will read three papers before the Society.

Mr. S. C. Robison, B. S. A. (Alberta), has found it necessary to discontinue his graduate course at the end of this year and has therefore resigned the Assistant ship in Chemistry.

Dr. J. F. Snell has been appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the Quebec Branch of the Canadian Institute of Chemistry and a member of the Institute's Committee on Professional Ethics.

Mrs. L. C. McOuat of Ottawa, formerly Miss Frances Snider of the H. Sc staff, paid a flying visit to the College just before Easter. Her many friends were greatly pleased to see her, and several members of the staff have since enjoyed a week-end at her home.

The May meeting of the recently organized Quebec Dietetics Association

was held at Macdonald College on the evening of May 14th. Several of the Staff of the School of Household Science are members of this Association of which Miss Perry, Chief Dietitian of the Montreal General Hospital, is president. A very interesting address on "Electricity and its uses in the Home" was given by Dr. Lynde, Prof. of Physics, and the members were later entertained in the Practice House.

Misses Hayward, Babb and Campbell of the Household Science Staff and Miss Price of the High School are taking one of the Overseas tours, and will spend part of the summer in the British Isles and France.

We regret to announce the departure this summer of Mr. R. C. Amaron of the staff of the High School. Mr. Amaron has been connected with the staff of the School for four years and has occupied the position of French Specialist and manager of Athletics. He will be greatly missed by the many friends that he has made at the College and in Ste. Annes.

Mr. W. A. Maw addressed the Sherbrooke Poultry Association on May 6th on Brooding Problems.

Dr. C. J. Lynde has resigned to take the position of Professor of Physics in the School of Practical Arts, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York. He takes over his new duties on July 1st.

Dean Sinclair Laird went to Winnipeg during Easter week on the invitation of the Manitoba Education Association and the Manitoba Teachers' Federation and addressed their joint meetings in the Royal Alexandra Hotel on "The Teaching Profession and Teachers' Organizations" and on "The Future Trend of Education."

At the same time he was invited by the Winnipeg Canadian Club to address the Club on Thursday, April 24th on "Education and Citizenship." On April 23rd he was invited to luncheon by the Western Directors and Executive officers of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, where he met the Prime Minister, John Bracken, President Coffman of the University of Minnesota, John W. Dafoe, Editor of the Manitoba Free Press, and many other leading citizens of Winnipeg.

The Dean reports that the teachers of Winnipeg are among the best paid and most efficient in Canada, that their two associations have nineteen hundred members, and that the meetings were crowded.



Our Wider Interest

EDITOR—GEORGE E. HUNT

Dear Boys and Girls:

Much has been written to you concerning pastimes, school gardens, and school fairs. I have noticed that, among the diversions discussed, very little attention has been given to reading. As a matter of fact, the writer of the following article noticed this neglect first, and asked me if he might take this occasion to make a few remarks on the subject. Before entering Macdonald, Mr. Hetherington spent several years in the teaching profession. His experience makes him believe that boys and girls should do considerably more reading, both for recreation and for cultural progression. I know that you have few spare moments in which to read during the busy summer months; but if you have the time, I am sure you will find no greater pleasure than whiling away the hours reading beneath the shade of the old apple tree. So here's wishing you success in your spring examinations, in your school fair work, and a most pleasant summer.

The EDITOR.

Sad indeed must be the lot of the boy or girl who has no especial relish for amusement of some form. When you trudge slowly homeward from school do you take great delight in knocking a bird or squirrel from its lofty perch? Do you think entertainment of that kind appeals equally well to the tiny feathered creature as it drops to the ground with a broken pinion? Do you think the excited chatter of the small arboreal rodent ex-

presses approval as it dashes wildly along the fence? Have you considered that there are other means of obtaining pleasure than at the expense of animals or other people? If you have not perhaps the following ideas may open up to you a means of recreation that will fit your special need.

Books! Books! Undoubtedly many of you will scorn the suggestion that the reading of a story is as good sport as watching Neighbour Blank's dog as it attempts to detach a tin can from the part of the body that it normally wags. Should you not agree with me that a cushion for a seat and an interesting tale for a companion is a pleasant way to spend the long, warm afternoons that are drawing near. Write the Editor of the "Our Wider Interest" Department of the Magazine, and tell him your conception of amusement. A discussion or exchange of opinions may uncover some interesting thoughts that will be worth while.

The boy or girl who has not acquired the habit of reading the ordinary novels may find in the Short Story a splendid way in which to make an introduction to the practice. Hawthorne was a writer of note whose short stories will live forever. Perhaps the following review of one of his best will make you anxious to read the original as found in his "Twice Told Tales."

The scene of the story is in the historic valley of the Connecticut River in New England. A young tobacco ped-

dlar, who appeared more anxious to gossip than to dispose of his stock, is the centre of attraction in the narrative. The author shows by the entirely human characteristics with which he endowed Dominicus Pike (for such was the itinerant merchant's name,) that mankind comes second to none as a conveyor of information, reliable or otherwise.

All male readers will be captivated by the tale in the initial paragraph, for without delay it is said of the hawker: "Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls" To the feminine mind the statement that "the peddler was inquisitive, and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news and anxious to tell it again" should prove alluring, for such a declaration directs attention to a trait that is not commonly identified with the masculine sex.

The plot, although comparatively simple, is intricate enough to retain the interest of all who read the story.

As usually happens in such cases the hero marries a pretty but loving woman, the niece of the man stated to have been brutally hanged, and brings the extremely entertaining story to a close. All interested in the account of how a mere man invaded Woman's sacred domain and established a reputation as a gossip of exceptional merit, would do well to read "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe."

Dear readers, does that short review make you feel like reading stories that are equally interesting by other authors? There are almost as many different kinds of books to-day as there are types of persons. No matter how wise or simple, bright or dull, original or commonplace, prejudiced or open-minded, conceited or unassuming, loving or fickle, true or false you may be, there is a book already written that will appeal to you.

If you are *romantic*, read —

Crawford — In the Palace of the King.

Hope — The Prisoner of Zenda.

McCarthy — If I Were King.

Major — When Knighthood was in Flower.

Scott — Ivanhoe.

If the *mysterious* appeals to you, read —

Davis — In the Fog.

Doyle — Sherlock Holmes.

Meig — Pool of Stars.

Oppenheim — Great Impersonation.

Poe — Tales of Mystery and Imagination.

If you like *to laugh*, read —

Rinchart — Tish.

Stockton — Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.

Tarkington — Seventeen.

Webster — Daddy Longlegs.

If you like *to weep*, read —

Babcock — Soul of Ann Rutledge

Bronte — Jane Eyre.

Fox — Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.

Sewell — Black Beauty.

Stowe — Uncle Tom's Cabin.

If you care for the great *out-of-doors*, read —

Grenfell — Northern Neighbors.

Grey — Riders of the Purple Sage.

London — White Fang.

White — Blazed Trail.

Wister — The Virginian.

If you like *Indian stories*, read —

Barbour — Mepitom's Hostage.

Butterworth — In the Days of Massasoit.

Driggs — White Indian Boy.

Munroe — At Home with Pontiac.

Schultz — Lone Bull's Mistake.

If you prefer *tales of adventure*, read —

Driggs — Adventures of Arnold Adair.

Kipling — Captains Courageous.

Stevenson — Kidnapped.
 Verne — Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.
 Wyss — Swiss Family Robinson.

If you like *historical novels*, read —
 Atherton — The Conqueror.
 Bacheller — Man for the Ages.
 Churchill — The Crisis.
 Johnston — To Have and to Hold.
 Smith — Montlivet.
 Scott — The Talisman.

If you *cling to old friends*, read —
 Bulwer-Lytton — Last Days of Pompeii.
 Dickens — David Copperfield.
 Kingsley — Westward. Ho!
 Mulock — John Halifax, Gentleman.
 Thackeray — Vanity Fair.

If you like *action*, read —
 Blackmore — Lorna Doone
 Dumas — The Three Musketeers.
 French — Dance of Kanana.
 Hugo — Les Misérables.
 Wiltse — Jean Valjean.

If you are interested in stories of *school and college*, read —

Gollomb — That Year at Lincoln High.

Hughes — Tom Brown's School Days.

Jordan — May Iverson.

King — Cadet Days.

Paine — Campus Days.

If you like *short stories*, try —

Andrews — His Soul Goes Marching On.

O. Henry — Modern Short Stories.

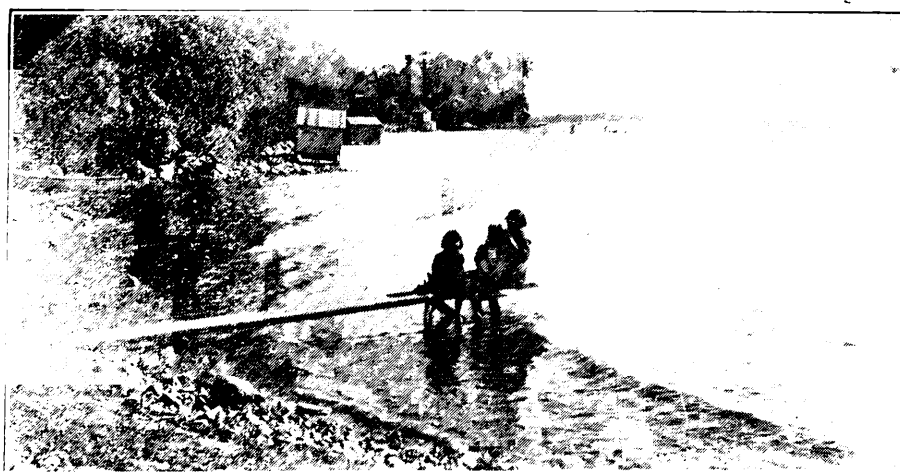
Prouty — Good Sports.

Sherman — A Book of Short Stories.

The above list is probably more complete than is found on the library shelves of your school or home, but keep it with you and you will never lack a friend.

In conclusion, let me offer you this advice: if you wish to have a most enjoyable summer get out into the open and read several of these books. Also, if you wish to obtain an education at the best college in the world, come to Macdonald. We shall be pleased to welcome you.

S. W. Hetherington.





A VISIT TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE

We had often heard of that place — that mysterious retreat of Midas where men crawled in paupers and stalked out princes, where others went in strong and ended human wreckage, where the pistol-crack rang loud and clear, blotting out many a craved wretched brain, where the gods of Chance were so kind and yet — so cruel. Yes, we had often heard of that howling, shouting, Bedlam place.

And now we were about to visit it. As we left the train at Windsor Station, Saturday morning, there were as many images and ideas of what was before us as there were girls (and men) walking up the platform. Various scornful epithets such as "Teachers' Convention!" were flung at us as we walked to the Stock Exchange. "Branded!" we thought. "So soon; so young!" As we piled the steps, crowds collected, and traffic was lined up for several blocks to see the suffragettes raid the Stock Exchange! Finally one by one we revolved through the revolving door and paraded upstairs.

A sound as of boys shouting in a swimming-tank smote our long-suffering ears. At last we were in the Stock Exchange!

The room itself closely resembled the gym during a basketball match. Men, shouting, hurrying, scrambling, arguing, and doing all as quickly as possible! Then we saw large blackboards down two sides of the room, and facing us, a large black screen where numbers mysteriously appeared and as mysteriously vanished and below us the ticker with its narrow paper tape constantly slipping away into nothingness. Nearby were countless telephones and benches where men watched and waited — for what?

And now, quite naturally and why not? — we began to scrutinize the men. Were these really brokers? Where we expected little nerve-wrecked looking individuals whose nerveless hands clasped note-book, fountain pen and pistol, we saw a lot of happy, healthy, quite normal men. They were all gazing up at the bevy of beauty in the gallery, —sauntering round the floor or waiting on the benches. They must have been successful, for we didn't see one suicide, much to our disgust! Moreover one would occasionally break into song, such as "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More!" Suddenly a message boy sprang from nowhere and passed one of the men a note. This affected the latter so much that he immediately began to shout: "I want two Bell! Bell! Bell!

Bell!!" Simultaneously another called out "Who wants Abitibi?" Then they all joined the chorus. We now know what the Tower of Babel was like, — and they say the market was dead that morning.

After eating the chocolates that those men supplied (in delicious quantities!), we went down in groups of six or eight to see the ticker-room. We collected

quite a bunch of tape for our memory-books and a little knowledge for our brains. Finally we had to tear ourselves away. We had had such a good time! We eased our feelings with the College yell and the brokers expressed theirs in three cheers.

Mr. Percival remarked, "Oh, they're good sports!"—but, privately we thought that he himself was the best sport of all.

Teachers' Alumni

Our graduates are well scattered over the Province this year, and from all reports, seem to be doing well towards holding up the good name of the College. Following are a few of their names, and the places where they are teaching:—

"Eddie" Hodge, T. '22 and Beulah Holero are teaching in Outremont, St. Laurent, as is also Rose Cloutier, Elem. T. '23.

Donna Westbrook and Winnifred Wallace both of T. '23 are in Rosemount.

Margaret Sears is teaching in Pointe Claire.

Bertha Friedman is teaching in Mount Royal School.

Sara Silverman is at Strathearn School.

Ruth Low, who will be remembered as being last year's hockey goalie, is teaching at Ahuntsic.

Evelyn Symons is in Ormstown, while Muriel Irwin is in Abbotsford.

Marjorie Smith is teaching in Alfred Joyce School, Outremont.

The following are some of the boys:—

Kenneth Fraser is at Ste. Petronille, Isle d'Orleans.

Harry Johanssen and Hugh Simons are in Lachine. Hugh has paid quite a number of visits to "Mac."

Gilbert Dryburgh is teaching in Verdun.

Cecil Brownlee is so busy teaching in

Arundel he can't find time to continue his drawing. (Better give up teaching, Cec.)

William Marshall is taking Arts at McGill.

Ralph Cooper, who was at the Men's Dance on Feb. 8th, is at Frelighsburg.

Gordon Le Claire is teaching in Lansdowne School.

Jack Snyder is in St. Laurent, while Donald Watson is teaching at Mount Royal School.

Bert Ogden, who was also at the Men's Dance, is in St. Lambert.

We have heard of the following, all graduates of last year:—

Ethel Caswell is teaching in Bulmer.

Josephine Kingsland is in Toronto just now.

Lois Elliot is teaching in Valleyfield.

Maude McAdam is teaching in her own home-town, Ormstown.

Nellie Payne is in Montreal.

Constance Wardrope, (better known as "Winkie") is teaching in Riverside School.

Grace Findlay is teaching in Mount Royal School, and Helen Gardner, at Peace Centennial.

Linda Lee has been substituting in Westmount this year, and has been appointed to a school there for the year 1924-'25.



We, the Intermediate Teachers' Class, at Macdonald College, after taking into consideration the danger and insecurity of this our present position in life, on the eve of examinations, commencing May twentieth, do now, after much thought and many tremblings, take up our pen and paper to issue this our last will and testament, which contains some goodly advice for those who come after us, and tells withal of the disposal and distribution of these our worldly chattels.

Firstly, do we bestow unto next year's Intermediate Class, the rooms where we now take up our humble abode and in these rooms are sumptuous furnishings—namely two imposing beds, and several pieces of goodly, oaken furniture, also sundry scratches on the walls and the occasional hair-pin (discarded when the locks were sheared) in the bureau drawers.

Secondly, do we bequeath unto our heirs the various lecture rooms where we are now wont to dispose ourselves, and the contents therein—several tables and chairs. Warning:—do not write, scratch or engrave any names upon the above mentioned articles or trouble will brew, as we have learned of yore. Also, we leave behind us with many pleasant re-

collections of their patience and endurance (for at times we are said to be "dumbells," forsooth) our wise professors and professors.

Thirdly, do we exhort all the ladies to behave at all times, in a becoming and seemly manner—the practice known as "fussing" may be tolerated, but not to a great extent. Do not sit on the campus in the presence of a gentleman for it is unseemly so to do. Do not gorge at Wright's—rather, patronize the college repasts, and above all, refrain from being attracted by the McGill science students, who are with us during the last month of our term in this dwelling-house of wisdom and learning.

Fourthly, do we bequeath an extensive campus, some roads (wonderful walks do these provide!) and a mighty river. If ever troubles (exams, and much hard work) become too great, the leap off the C.P.R. railroad bridge, is the best spot for the fatal step!

And lastly, our successors, we leave you much amassed wealth in the knowledge of the instruction of the youth of the age. School teaching, ah! the noblest of all professions! We wish you much success, good luck, and we ask of you in return to retain the honorable

name of Macdonald College, suburb of the growing village of Ste. Annes.

So is completed this our last will and testament. We, being still in our right senses and sound in mind as well as in body, although much affected (for the worse) by our difficult studies and the ensuing week of tribulation, affix our name and seal, as this is a true and legal document, made this day, May twentieth. Anno Domini nineteen hundred twenty-four, before we go to meet our doom. This

is the only will in existence concerning the disposal of our worldly possessions.



Monday Morning--In Shakespeare's Day

WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO MESSRS.

SHAKESPEARE, BROWNING AND MILTON

SCENE I

(Flourish on the Breakfast Bell)

VIOLA. *(a maiden)* Hola! Hola! Hearken, 'tis the bell!

FLAVIA. *(seizing Juliet who is asleep)* Then knave arise, I say, awake;

The sun his daily duty dons.

And climbing, climbs the climbing sky, fair maid.

JULIET Oh darn! Oh say! It can't! Oh say! It isn't -- Oh Monday -- how I hate thee, Forsooth, the lecturis begin.

VIOLA AND FLAVIA. Dry up and hurry.



The Kindergarten Teachers

JULIET. (*beseeking and throwing out arms*) Oh, maid, fain would I eat. That giant called Hunger stalks abroad and grasps weak maids.

I prithee save me—Oh! swipe a roll!

VIOLA. Marry! A roll! She would eat a roll! But hail! I hear the nations sweet! 'Tis the morning chants of the kindly friars! Harken!

(*Sad melody ending—'May we live.'*)

SCENE II

VIOLA. (*brings a roll*)
Here, thou lazy wench! And wouldst it eat? Then chew and haste thee nymph.

(*breaks off--starts humming s-m-f-s*)

FLAVIA. (*tragically*) Fair songstress, greet the unknown with a sob,

Ere the sun is set who knows what may chance?

To-day dost thou endure the loathsome stave

And semibreve — Thy music sweet
Would shake the stoutest heart and cause
The stones to rise in mutiny.

JULIET. Marry! how the dust lies thick, See the spider on the roof spins his slender home.

Look where the books in comfort lie,
Upon the shoes that grace the floor!
How the eighth hour speeds away,
And yet, we dare not leave this scene—arrayed

Like this—for inspection
Ah, me! I fear detection.

VIOLA. (*finishing d-l-dhopefully*)
Perhaps they won't inspect.
(*Exeunt—Julia drops her scrolls and tabula.*)

JULIET. Oh! Rather would I—

VIOLA. Pick them up and hurry.

DEXTERIOUS. (*a janitor.*) (*picks them up*) Here ye are, and hurry.
'The sun still fights across the sky for

precedence above his fellows.

VIOLA. How he can rhyme!

VIOLA. (*far off*) Say, you kids, hurry.

VIOLA. (*elegantly*) Shut up! Come, Juliet!

JULIET. Tarry yet, Thanks Dexterious,

And for thy service take this warm 'kerchief, and remember.

VIOLA. Marry thou fool! Thou talkst as if it were thy last day. Come let us hurry, perchance the opening has begun.

(*Exeunt*)

SCENE III

JULIET. (*tragically to magister*) But Sir, I knew not in the sun,

That x should mean the cubic small,
And y should mean a tiny ball,
Alas! That such should now befall
Poor, poor Juliet.

SIR PERCIVAL. (*A Magister*) (*Sympathetically*) Ah! know you not Miss Juliet,

That $(a + b)^2$ equals a sum
Like $a^2 + b^2 + 2ab$ — and that —
I fear I see thy whitened roll—
Thy diploma skurrying through the sky
And floating far amid the gleaming stars.

JULIET. Alas poor Juliet! Look upon the Post-office for the last time.

Bid farewell to the Bookshop and its chocolate bars.

O sea of blue — good bye.

(*Runs up the stairs and falls down dead.*)

VIOLA. (*to magister of music, hopeful to the end*) And did I pass?

MAGISTER. (*Mournfully*) I fear thou hast gone wrong. Thy marks fell short by five,



Model Teachers, 23-24.

Thy trills were all amiss.

VIOLA. (*interrupts*) Then unhappy
Viola — die.

(*falls on fountain pen and dies.*)

FLAVIA. Both are gone and only Flavia

left, my marks have vanished one by one.
My fate is told, And only Flavia lives!
Alas! Viola! Juliet! I join thee!

(*Drinks ink — but survives.*)

Dirge on the dinner-bell.

“Vale !”

There once were five gay cavaliers
Who thought they'd go to college;
But, like the song, we fear it was
A case of “not for knowledge.”

The first of these, a handsome youth,
Athletic, keen and daring,
Was always seen about the place
Some sporting get-up wearing.
In every game, on every Field
He played the foremost part
And won full many a cup and shield
And many a maiden's heart.

The second youth, an athlete too,
At baseball did excel
And played at every indoor match
And out-of-doors as well.
Besides, upon the rugby team,
He held an honoured place

And when boys' Sports' Day came along
He proved that he could race.

The third one was of stature small,
With hair as black as jet.
'Tis said he sat at breakfast till
The dinner plates were set.
But, jests aside, he knew the world
And when they did compete
For public-speaking honors—why!
To hear him was a treat.

The fourth was tall and dark and he.
We're told, had travelled far
To Eastern lands, where Arabs roam
And mosques and harems are.
His store of knowledge, thus, was great
And every time he'd speak
We'd strain our ears to catch some word
Of Turk or swarthy sheik.



The Elementary Teachers

The fifth was neither tall nor dark
Nor yet a "heavy-weight."
But he was jolly — handsome too —
And we all thought him great.
A hearty smile, a merry jest.
Will banish many a woe.—
We never could make up our minds
Just why we liked him so.

Envoi.

And now, you five gay cavaliers,
We bid you all adieu:
And may you meet with great success
In everything you do.
And if, about your future life,
We dare to prophesy
Here's just a guess on how each one

May prosper bye-and-by.—
The first will shine in other fields
And greater tasks begin
And play the game for higher scores
And strive, and fight, and win.
The second too will brave the storm
Nor tremble in the blast.
The third will greater wisdom seek
And find it too at last.
The fourth will travel farther still
And visit many a land
And learn the things that great men learn
And think, and understand.
The fifth will live for other's joys
And all that's right defend,
And men will love him as a man
And seek him as a friend.



MARGARET CANNING BOA ("Pop")

PRESIDENT OF THE INTERMEDIATE TEACHERS

Born in Montreal. Early Education — Montreal High School for girls. With her many talents, good nature and cheerfulness she has proven to be most efficient when her advice and assistance were needed, and as President of the class has won the admiration of the authorities and the respect of her classmates.

Pop's favourite pastimes are getting up early, "tickling the keys" and making posters.





Vegetables You Will Like

By CLARA M. FARELL, Sc. '25.

This is the question, "How can I get my family to eat what they should, not because they have to, but because they want to." We are so apt to say to them, "Vegetables are good for you; you must eat them," and expect that they will be as sensible as we are and eat without question.

However if you try to get behind this aversion you will find that often its beginning was one badly-cooked, strongly-flavoured and unattractively served vegetable. Now there are only a few simple secrets one must know to cook vegetables to perfection, but they are so easy that they are often overlooked. These little things if followed to the letter, will make the difference between the vegetable the family won't touch and the one for which they pass back their plates a second time.

Your most important piece of equipment is a vegetable brush; and see that this brush is kept especially for cleaning vegetables. All vegetables should be thoroughly cleaned before being put on to cook. Roots and tubers, such as po-

tatoes, carrots, turnips, etc. usually need a thorough scrubbing with the vegetable brush. Beets must be washed carefully to prevent breaking the outer skin. Vegetables forming heads, such as cabbage, cauliflower and Brussels' sprouts should be soaked heads down in salted cold water to which a few spoonfuls of vinegar have been added. This will draw out any insects hidden in the leaves. Spinach deserves special attention. It must be washed carefully in several waters until every trace of sand is gone.

Most winter vegetables need paring. Use a sharp knife and pare carefully; we pay enough for our vegetables without cutting one-third of them away and pouring another third down the sink. But there's a better reason than this. We eat vegetables mainly for the important mineral matter which is right under the skin. Thus, by paring carelessly we are cutting away one of nature's safeguards for our health.

All green vegetables, roots and tubers



Junior Administrators



Homemakers, 1924

should be crisp and firm when put on to cook. This is best accomplished by soaking in very cold water until plump and crisp. Only a few minutes will be needed to freshen the new vegetables, but with the old ones it may be a matter of hours.

Vegetables, with the exception of legumes, must be put on in boiling water and the water must be made to boil again as soon as possible after the vegetables

tight cover on the cabbage that they can keep in the objectionable odour. They are the very ones whose families are greeted with this offensive smell the minute they enter the house. If the cover is off, the odour seems to disappear miraculously. Once cook your cabbage with the lid off and you will never go back to the old method.

Cook vegetables in just enough water to cover. If you do this there will be



Science Short Course.

have been added, and kept boiling until the cooking is finished. If you will, add a little salt, a teaspoon to one quart of water, there will be less loss of valuable soluble matter.

During the cooking of vegetables the cover must be drawn to one side of the stewpan to allow the volatile bodies liberated by the heat to pass off in steam. It is better to use no cover on the stewpan when cooking onions and cabbage. Many people believe that by putting a

no need to drain your vegetables. This is a very bad habit. It is wasteful from both the money and the health standpoint for the vegetable liquor often thrown away contains from 36-70 per cent of our vitamins as well as the highly important vegetable salts. For strongly flavoured vegetables such as onions and cabbages this rule may be disregarded. Spinach which is 90 per cent water itself, should be cooked in the water adhering to its leaves, and must be watched carefully.

Carrots should cook until all the water has evaporated or been absorbed. Potatoes are best for flavour and for the health if cooked in their jackets, either by baking in a hot oven or by boiling and peeling after they are cooked. This latter method may not give such attractive looking results but is advisable for everyday family use.

If you have followed these rules for cooking your vegetables only the simplest of seasoning will be needed to give them a delicious and delicate flavour. The best seasoning is salt and good butter. Use plenty of butter with all vegetables, especially with spinach. It is worth while to be extravagant in this way if by doing so you are making vegetables popular with your family. Sometimes beets when cooked in hard water have a grayish

coating and have lost their bright red colour. You can restore this colour by squeezing a little lemon juice or vinegar on the cooked vegetable just before serving. This magic trick works with red onions, red cabbage and tomatoes.

I have tried to give you the easiest and, to my mind, the best ways of cooking vegetables. I believe the simplest way is the best; it is sure to be the healthiest: it is certainly the easiest, and if done carefully can hold its own with any fancy cookery. Vegetables are chiefly valuable for their potash salts and for this reason should form a part of every day's dietary. If you are successful enough to get your family to eat vegetables twice daily, and if two or more servings weekly are greens, you will be well on the road to health and happiness.



Junior B. H. S.



Wedding

On February the twelfth at Detroit, Mich., Miss Claudia Whyte, Fall Short Course '23, to Mr. Carson Hollingsworth, both of Ottawa.

Mrs. and Mrs. Hollingsworth are making their home in Detroit.

* * *

Miss Anna McInnes, Inst. Ad. '23, who took her pupil training at the Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia, has accepted the position of Metabolic Dietitian of the Jefferson Hospital in the same city.

Miss Margery Fisk, Inst., Ad. '23, is taking her pupil work in the Toronto General Hospital.

Mrs. Eleanor Ree, Inst. Ad. '23, who completed her pupil course at the Montreal General Hospital in February, has resigned her position as Dietitian of Child's Restaurant, Montreal, to accept a position as Dietitian in one of the hotels in Metis, Que.

Miss Grace Yeats, Inst. Ad. '23, has completed her pupil course at the Rhode Island Hospital, Providence, R. I., and is at present in Port Hope, Ont.

Miss Myrtle Scott, Inst. Ad. '23, who has also finished her pupil course at the Rhode Island Hospital has accepted the position of assistant Dietitian there for the summer.

Miss Hazel Dunlap, Inst. Ad. '23, who has completed her pupil course at the

Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia, has accepted the position of Dietitian in the Jefferson Hospital of that city.

Miss Emma Saunders, B. H. S. '23 has accepted a position at the City Dispensary, Boston, Mass.

Miss Emma Saunders, B. H. S. '23 has accepted a temporary position as Instructor in Dietetics and Cookery to the nurses in a hospital in British Columbia.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Helen Murray, Inst. Ad. '20 has been obliged to resign her position in the Womens' Homeopathic Hospital at Providence, R. I. on account of ill health.

Miss Jessie Naismith, formerly Dietitian of Childs' Restaurant, Montreal, will assume the duties of Dietitian at the Mowat Sanatorium, Kingston, Ont., this month.

Miss Hazel Hazleton, Homemakers '23, has entered the Montreal General Hospital as a nurse in training.

Miss Susie Crane, Inst. Ad. '19, has resigned her position in the Cleveland (Mass.) Hospital on account of ill health. Miss Crane will spend the summer at her home in St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Miss Grace McQuat, Inst. Ad. '20, who is teaching this term at Lachute, Que. spent Easter with Mrs. Mount in Strathmore.

Miss Dorothy Noxley, Homemaker '21, entered the Ottawa Protestant Hospital as a pupil nurse last month.



MURIEL M. MOFFAT.

PRESIDENT OF THE JUNIOR B. H. S. CLASS

Took two years in Arts at the University of British Columbia, then came to Macdonald to enter the Third Year B. H. S.

Has two hobbies—Writing and public speaking.
Favourite expression—What a peatch!



ANNA AMELIA ARGUE

PRESIDENT OF THE "JUNIOR ADS."

She has achieved success who has worked well, laughed often, and loved much.

Born in Ottawa, Ont.

Attended "Havergal" College and came to "Mac" in the fall of 1923 to take the Administrator Course. "Has she been the best Junior President ever?" All together now, three cheers for Nan!

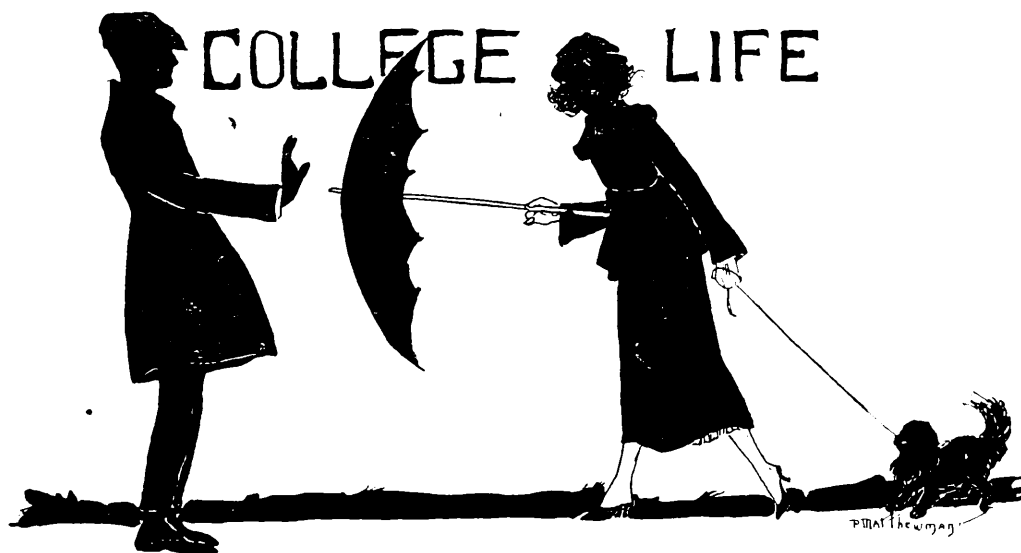


LOUISE FOSSE

PRESIDENT OF THE HOMEMAKERS

The Hub of the Eastern Townships and likewise the Sherbrooke High School further advanced their reputation for sending forth brilliant products when Louise Amelia Fosse came to Macdonald to become president of the Homemakers '24. As a Class President Louise has been a success, and holds the esteem of all her class mates. Most of us will remember her as the blushing bride at the mock wedding.





THE PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

The Literary Society's annual Public Speaking Contest was held on April 9th. For some unexplained reason the better or 'fair' half of the student body refrained from taking part. Even as the Chairman, Mr. McGarigle, pointed out, it could not be for lack of ability. Was it then timidity or modesty that kept them away?

The competition was very keen between the aspirants for honors. The speeches intended to amuse were really entertaining; and those on more serious subjects were interesting and instructive.

The outstanding speech of the evening, delivered in a clear, easy manner, was given by Mr. Harvey. He contrasted the aloofness of the average Londoner with the warm friendliness and generous hospitality of the people of Cork, Ireland. His experience in Canada showed him that the same difference existed between the inhabitants of Montreal and the warm-hearted people of the Maritimes. Analysing the situation, he found the differences were due to the mental attitude, or to answers given to the question "What is the real good?" "Kindness is the word," was the answer. His announcement that "If ever I will take unto myself a wife, I will go to the Mari-

times," caused much applause and laughter. This being Leap Year, we cannot help but wonder if this was not intended as a gentle hint to some fair maiden from those parts.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity" quoth Mr. Angell, in his speech on "Helpful Enemies." The greatness of man to-day can only be judged in the light of his achievements: that is, his success in overcoming obstacles. The speaker went on to show how the huge educational, social, and industrial systems which we see to-day were built up in the struggle to overcome the adversities of climate, isolation, and crime.

How strong, and at times unreasonable the "Unwritten Law" is, furnished a theme for Mr. Cooper. Instead of condemning the eating of peas on a knife, we should praise it. Who but the most temperate and skilled of persons could accomplish such a feat without cutting out his tonsils? He also pointed out the strength of traditions at colleges in England, and wished for the establishment of more at Macdonald.

"Style"—what a magic word it is to most of us!—was Mr. Fogerty's subject. He dwelt on the development of costumes through the ages. Among other things, we found out that at one time even the

male of the species had a craze for fashionable and complicated dress.

Mr. Cooke gave an interesting talk on the Maple Sugar Industry, and its development from the time of the Indian to the present day. He gave us some idea of the work involved, and of his own experiences in sugar making.

To most of us the word caveman is a synonym of brutality. Mr. Hetherington defended our ancestors, and showed that the caveman was after all a very worthy and considerate person. In fact, the speaker said that woman was worshipped by man in those days. He very rashly advised each of the young ladies present to assert her rights, and make man place her again on a pedestal above him!

While the judges, Dr. Dickson, Dr. Snell, and Dr. Brunt, were out making their decision, the winners in the Swimming and Boxing Meets received their ribbons and medals. Mr. Brigham, the president of the M. C. A. A., presided, and Miss Russell presented the prizes.

Dr. Brunt, as Chairman of the judges, made a few remarks on the general excellence of the speeches, and announced that the prizes were won in the order: Mr. Harvey, Mr. Angell, Mr. Hetherington and Mr. Fogerty.

—Wm. L.

THE GIRLS' DANCE

"Short and sweet" was the general opinion of those of our number who were invited to the Girls' dance on May 2 — the last of the season '23-24. A noticeable feature, and a commendable one, was that each of the fifteen dances was of very fair length, a factor which enabled us to be on the floor in time. Everyone made the best of the limited number of dances on the programme. Sitting out was but little indulged in. The decoration of the gym was rather different from the usual plan, balloons taking the place of

streamers. This was striking and effective, and gave a light and airy effect, which perhaps had its influence on all present. At eleven p. m. an enjoyable supper was served in the dining room, after which dancing was resumed and continued until 1 a. m. when "God Save the King" announced that another enjoyable function was at an end.

THE "LIT" BANQUET

'Twas on Monday evening of the 5th of May that the executive of the Literary and Debating Society and their guests, the debaters, the judges and their wives, repaired to the place where, as the sage would have it, "seeks youth his love and peach pie a la mode."

Shyness and reticence swiftly disappeared, and in their place prevailed a spirit of *bonhomie* under which stately professors and lowly students met on the same level. Even the student speechmakers of the evening lost that careworn and worried look which is a sure sign of the unused and uninitiated.

The supper finished, glasses were filled and the first toast of the evening "To the King" was proposed by the Toastmaster, Mr. McGarigle, and drunk (in grape juice).

Mr. Angell proposed the next toast "To Alma Mater." Dr. Brunt very suitably replied and showed convincingly what Alma Mater and loyalty to Alma Mater should mean to the College student.

The toast "to the Ladies" proposed by Miss Hodgson was replied to by Mr. Cooper.

The last toast "to our guests" was proposed by Miss Honey, in reply to which Mr. Percival in a delightful ramble kept the company highly amused. It might be opportune to say here, that, since a certain gentleman has regard for the Wassail Cup, a resolution will be passed

at the next executive meeting to the effect that such receptacles be provided at future banquets.

In closing, the toastmaster thanked the judges for the services which they had rendered, so ably and unselfishly, in the debates and contests of the college year. A plea for more entrants in the various contests was made by Mr. McGarigle who concluded his remarks by thanking the members of the executive for their cooperation and by wishing the best of success to the president and executive of next year.

An enjoyable walk back to the College helped to further impress upon our memories the pleasant culmination of the Society's annual activities, "the Lit. Banquet."

—A. J. H.

THE JUNIORS' PICNIC

It takes more than a pelting rain to keep the Juniors quiet. Saturday, May 10th, had been set aside for a class picnic by Classes B. H. S. '25 and B. S. A. '25 who had combined their numbers for

a farewell frolic before bidding good-bye to these halls of learning for the summer.

The much-anticipated day arrived — with the unexpected rain storm. "Everything is off" was about to be broadcast when the "silver lining" appeared in the form of an invitation from Dr. and Mrs. Lynde to "picnic" at their home on Maple Avenue.

Around the cosy fire-place we gathered after a pleasant hour's dancing and the real business of the afternoon was begun. Sandwiches, cake and coffee quickly disappeared and even the toasted marshmallows were not lacking, as we made merry and sang college songs. It seemed hardly possible that the whole afternoon had gone when we finally bid good-bye to our hosts and returned to "Mac."

The most delightful part of the whole picnic was the gracious manner in which Dr. and Mrs. Lynde "arose to the occasion," and this alone will serve to make the picnic one of the most pleasant memories of the year.—Agr. '25.



Agriculture '25.

ARISTOTLE SPEAKETH

(The Teacher-Science Debate)

"As I was walking through the Elysian fields arm in arm with the fair Laura Secord it bethought me that the time had arrived for our annual visit to that great edifice of learning, Macdonald. "Come, maiden," I cried, "let us hie us to earth and visit once again the followers of our respective professions. "Methinketh thou hast well said" replied the maiden, "for behold, Mercury hath but lately brought me news of a great combat to be waged between thy followers and mine. This engagement is to take place in the Great Assembly Hall in the building called Main." "Then," said I, "let us waste no time, my Laura, and thou and I shall, by the aid of this passing kindly cloud wend our way earthwards."

When at our destination, I saw that the woman had indeed spoken truth. Tier upon tier of variously garbed maids and youths did gaze with rapture at a dais on which were gathered the combatants ranged in true battle order. On one side twain of the followers of Laura, on the other twain of my followers, while in between, on a species of throne, was seated the controller, or arbiter, or mistress of ceremonies who acted also in the guise of herald. On the whole multitude being seated, advanced this herald and, with true grace and clarion voice, made known the cause for dispute and the rules to be followed. Then did it dawn upon my consciousness that I was about to be as a witness to a duel waged with that supreme and keen weapon, -- a "woman's tongue."

Over the throng sounded the signal for the engaging of forces; "Resolved: That the course in Household Science is of more advantage to the individual than is the course for Teachers."

Forthwith the combat commenced ac-

companied by much beating of hands and shouting of the vulgar throng.

The first maiden who spoke, discoursed on the multitudinous advantages to be accrued from the learning of the management of the Home. She did tell how those whom she did represent were of the mind that in their course, and in that alone, could a woman shew her true worth. She and her colleague "Wright"ly did aver that as an immediate result the pecuniary aspect of their future labor far excelled that of the poorly remunerated teachers, -- in fact, could not be "Beaten." Then it was avowed that the species and periods of work under the fair hands of the Home maker would allow her to participate in what she named "Social Activities." These same I conceive to be those lighter activities as visiting the temple, or perchance a game of ball, or the throwing of the javelin or, mayhap, the graceful dance; wherein matrons and maidens may both enjoy themselves and aid one another. It was also observed that in the casting up or calculating of the Home moneys much advantage was to be gained in the science of calculus or ciphering.

Truly in my fear for the welfare of my followers was I greatly troubled.

Then did my kind Laura gently pluck my sleeve and murmur, "Be of brave heart, my Aristotle, behold thy followers speak."

I raised mine eyes again and beheld one both "Frank" and fair assisted by one from the noble line of Drysdale who did uphold the declaration of the Teacher's supremacy.

Loud and long raged the dispute and many and great arguments were brought to light. It was clearly shown that the knowledge acquired by the teacher could enable her to enter some other profession. It was also stated that great were to be expected to follow upon the teachings of the Signor Percevalo in the realm of fig-

ures. It was moreover asserted that more extensive were the possibilities and less the cost of voyaging, for the teacher than for the Home Fashioner.

In this vein did the dispute continue for long. Finally, the disputants being doubtless exhausted, the Herald commanded that hostilities cease and besought the judges to confer between themselves and then to announce to the assembly their decision as to whom should be accorded the laurel wreath.

Then from amongst those of the House of Science there arose one, Mary by name, who did cause a great roaring and tumult amongst those her comrades. Soon did a certain "Little" one, from amongst the teachers act in the same clownish fashion.

Bedlam did ensue!

When this had subsided the herald's trumpet-like voice did announce that, after certain music on the fiddle accompanied by the clavicord, the honorable judges would render their decision.

The music done most excellent, the noble judges did appear and, after a most amusing yet somewhat nerve wracking preamble, the Prime Judge did declare that the Teachers were not defeated by the most excellent arguments of their opponents, but had e'en triumphed.

Great was the ecstasy of that faction which immediately decided to publish abroad the news of its victory by word of mouth. This decision arrived at, a procession was formed which visited the homes of the chief mentor and his associates in Philosophy, Music, Mathematics and History.

Having gone thus far with the frantic mob, my Laura and I, fatigued and dazed took advantage of a low-lying cloud and reclining thereon were wafted back to the peace of our fair Olympus, there to await the coming of another year wherein our visit we hope again to accomplish.

E. H. Woodley.

MONTHLY ORGAN RECITAL

On Sunday afternoon, April 27th, another organ recital was given in the Assembly Hall by Mr. R. Birkett Musgrove. The programme had been arranged with great care and offered a wide variety of musical compensation. The following were the selections played:—

Adagio in E by Frank Bridge.

Offertoire for Eastertide by Batiste.

Idylle At Evening by Dudley Buck.

Scherzo in B flat by W. S. Hoyte.

Suite — Sigurd Jorsalfar by Grieg.

(a) Parsifal

(b) Borghild's Dream

(c) Triumphal March.

That Mr. Musgrove's recitals have been an enjoyable feature of the College year was shown by the large number of students and others present. This was Mr. Musgrove's twenty-fifth recital.

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS

On Thursday the seventeenth of April we had the pleasure of seeing about ninety per cent of the student body leave for the Easter Holidays. We must confess that we rather like having things to ourself. Call it typically British — Forsyte-ish even—but we *do* prefer Macdonald when the majority of its inhabitants are away. What a sense of proprietorship is experienced as one saunters through the deserted corridors or secures one's evening mail without any of the *per-ardua-ad-astra* which usually accompanies the process! How expansive grow the hitherto taciturn as they suck at their pipes in the most sacred corners of the already verdescent campus! Gone is the vulgar haste of a normal college life, and in its place prevails a gentle sense of well-being, born of "nothing to do and all day to do it in."

After a time, however, even undiluted idleness grows wearisome. Steve Ward was the first to become satiated, whereupon he arose, girt up his loins, and walk-

ed to Montreal. That evening, Friday, some of the men students played the staff at Volleyball after which we all joined in an impromptu dance.

Next day we all took turns to listen to Steve's account of his famous march, which seems to have combined the best features of the performances of Sherman, Roberts and Paul Revere.

On the evening of Easter Sunday we held a singsong in the girls' building. Possibly 'variety show' would be a more appropriate description of an event which included solos by Hetherington, Harvey, Smith and the Senior-Science Gramophone. After throwing out the 'life-line' we were all ready for the refreshments which terminated the proceedings.

As a grand finale to the holidays, Miss Sutton gave us a dance on Monday evening. A strong contingent from Ste. Annes made our numbers up to about fifty couples, and tables were provided for those who preferred bridge. The dance was a real success from beginning to end and the 'left-overs' cannot sufficiently express their gratitude to Miss Sutton for an

event which alone made the Easter Holidays worth while.

So ended a brief respite, for next day the re-opening of College brought back our classmates and with them an unpleasant reminder of the proximity of exams.

—The Butler.

CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le 4 avril dernier se terminait dans l'apothéose d'une magnifique soirée dramatique et musicale, donnée sous les auspices du Cercle Français, la série de séance pour l'année 1924.

N'est-ce que qu'ils sont charmants les petits caprices de la langue française? Allons mesdemoiselles et messieurs, vous n'allez pas oublier qu'il est aussi parfois très charmant de connaître cette langue et je suis sur que vous ne tarderez pas à le prouver dès votre retour au "Sweet Home." Et je sais pas ailleurs que personne ne regrette les soirées où nous parlions français. Qui de vous ne se rappelle pas du moins le gentil motto: "Ici on parle français" que chacun disait l'un à l'autre en pénétrant dans notre salle



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de réunion, les soirs de séance? Comment n'être pas édifié alors du spectacle auquel nous assistions où chacun s'efforçait de respecter en toute rigueur le motto écrit de bleu, de blanc et de rouge dans chaque mémoire?

Et tout cela est déjà du passé, mais nous garderons longtemps le souvenir de ces soirées instructives et récréatives où l'on oubliait la durée des heures. Toujours gentiment apprêté, le petit régal de chansons françaises avec musique conférences et mille autres choses; toujours joliment et soigneusement exécuté, le programme de chaque soirée où se mêlait invariablement l'utile à l'agréable.

Et voici que pour couronner le tout, un vrai succès est obtenu dans cette soirée dramatique et musicale du 4 avril.

La séance est terminée. Personne ne croit avoir perdu sa soirée, car l'enthousiasme unanime avec lequel on salue et félicite tous ceux qui apportèrent leur concours dans l'exécution du programme de ce soir, est de nature à prouver le contraire. C'est à dire que tous s'en sont retournés contents et réjouis.

La partie musicale pût être davantage appréciée par tous ceux présents, l'harmonie ou la musique n'ayant qu'une langue pour tous.

Se faire l'oreille à tous les gracieux détours de la langue française est sans doute lourde tâche pour ceux qui ne connaissent que très peu de ses secrets, cependant qu'un tel effort ne fut pas nécessaire à un grand nombre des auditeurs ce soir là. C'est pourquoi drame et déclamation furent, par la plupart, goûtés et appréciés.

Honneur donc aux dévouées organisatrices de cette soirée qui se termine par un tel succès. A Mlle. Melançon et Mlle. Brownrigg donc doivent aller d'abord nos mercis et nos plus sincères félicitations. Honneur aussi aux organisateurs et exécuteurs du groupe des canadiens-fran-

çais du Macdonald qui n'ont pas compté leur peine, leur travail et leur temps, parce qu'ils avaient à cœur de servir un vrai régal. Leur succès fut la récompense de leurs efforts, elle était bien méritée.

C'est avec plaisir et sincérité que nous disons tous nos mercis à monsieur McGarry ainsi qu'à Miss Boa et Miss Geller qui se rendirent gentiment à notre invitation, en venant nous appuyer de leur talent musical. Leur concours réhaussa l'éclat de cette soirée. Leur chant et leur musique savamment interprétés ajoutèrent, je dirais, des points lumineux au succès remporté.

Cependant tous, nous avons un regret profond: c'est celui de n'avoir pu entendre en ce même soir "Le Medecin Malgré Lui" de Molière qui figurait au programme mais il est consolant d'apprendre que son exécution n'est que remise.

Une année se termine, une autre va recommencer pour notre cercle. Que lui souhaiter de mieux sinon progrès, succès et longue vie. Nous reviendrons en ces lieux dans quelques années. Peut-être le hasard voudra-t-il que ce soit en un soir de séance du cercle français? Comme il sera bon alors de revivre le passé dans le présent; de repasser en foule les bons souvenirs des soirées où nous parlions français. Et ce sera encore avec la plus douce émotion que nous retrouverons toujours gravé de bleu, de blanc et de rouge au frontispice de cette enceinte le fier motto: "Ici on Parle Français."

L. Duval.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

A little over a year ago the Social Activities Committee was formed with its main object the running of the Saturday night affairs as well as aiding in any other social gatherings where it was committee has satisfied a demand for social leadership which has long been felt. During the college year this

It has been possible to make the Saturday evening dances more enjoyable since some organization has been directly responsible for them. This was shown especially in the fall when the activities chairman was able to "get away" the first week-end after his return. Those who remember the delays of previous years will recognize this as a commendable feat. From that time until the close of the year, except for a rather tedious break during the measles, the Social Activities have been able to entertain us practically every week.

As well as attending to the weekly entertainments they have held, or there has been held under their auspices, a Hobo Dance, two entertainments put on by the girls, and an impromptu entertainment which it is hoped may be expanded into

our regular "Frolic." This is only the first year that this committee has functioned, and with the experience gained it is to be expected that they will continue to make our college life more pleasant.

THE LAUGHING GALLERY

Enthusiasm is early aroused in some people, in others it is aroused too late. This applies to their reception of news of oncoming "big doings." Dances are "big doings." Some people decide to go to dances, whenever they hear of them, others don't give a hoot about them till it's too late and then,—'nough said! These last become the patrons of the laughing gallery.

Good old "Mac" celebrated in a most modern way by having a really fussy dance. Early in the evening sweet vis-



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ions. all dressed in the best the girls' building afforded, began flitting downstairs and out to the foyer. Soon afterwards, a brave array, clad in the best that was left after the others got dressed, were seen leaning over the railing away up out of sight—perhaps. These were the judges, doomed by their own earlier indifference to the laughing gallery.

Yo! Ho! The trumpets call! There is one mad dash for their post. This one and that one is noticed emerging from nothingness on to the dancing floor. Dance followed dance, and the judges had their friends' programmes memorized. How is this done? Do you not know? All you need to do is to find your friend and her partner among the mob and, presto, the judge has drawn her own conclusion. Where are the sorrow and lamentation now? They have vanished because the patrons are thoroughly enjoying the visions they see below them.

Supper dance! The dancers are pleased, the critics are pleased. The dancers all go down to the dining-room and the

critics, back at their post at the stair-railing, watch. Then, down the stairs they rush to hunt for spoil. The decorations have long since been pulled down but they take that which has been missed by the others and skip off triumphantly. They, too, have shared the dance.

The crowds return but the laughers have preceded them. They watch the dance to its close. They have seen all that happened; the dancers have seen but themselves. Those chance talks, those hairpin games, the sly balloon catching, was their's and their's alone. While the dancers were away, they, too, had drunk fruit punch and promenaded the corridors.

All good things must come to an end some time. At 1 a. m. exactly, the band played "Home, Sweet Home." From the stairway—this time, perchance, they went half way down—they saw the tired but happy ones being shooed down the stairs like chickens being shooed off to roost.

—A Laugher.

Lines To A Lost Love

Do you think dear
 That I could forget you,
 Or imagine
 I'll cease to regret you,
 Or that I could kiss another girl,
 Now since you have set my heart awhirl?
 (You know darn well I will.)

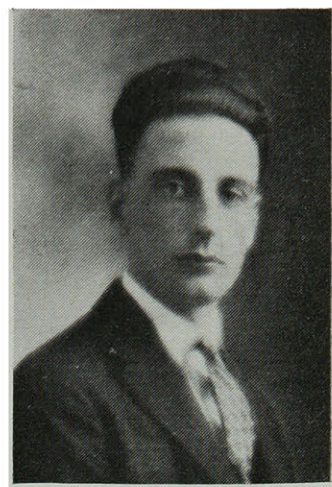
Are you sure dear
 Since I've been rejected
 That I'm morbid,
 Hopeless, and dejected,
 That I'll vow to hate all womankind
 And never, never change my mind?
 (You know darn well I won't!)

PRESIDENT OF THE FRESHMEN

ARTHUR H. HICKS

England is responsible for many fine things, but one of her best products has been her gift to Canada and to the year '27 of this jovial lad.

An all-round athlete and general good fellow, is "Art," having played Rugby on the college team and winning no mean honor when he was awarded the medal as the best boxer in the annual tournament. As a debater and public speaker he gives promise of developing into one of Mac's best.



PRESIDENT OF THE SOPHOMORES

STANLEY W. HETHERINGTON

The Canadian National ran a special train to bring "Stan" to Macdonald. Coming from the state of Connecticut he brought with him a real Yankee enthusiasm as well as all the traditions of the home of Mark Twain.

His all around ability has justified the Sophomores in re-electing him as their Class President and his experience and sound judgment are recognized at all student gatherings.

Stan's hobbies are books, poetry and Household Science. His characteristic is starting things, and his ambition is to make student life at Macdonald the best to be had.



PRESIDENT OF THE JUNIORS

JOSEPH D. LANTHIER

Nature endowed "Joe" with three of her choicest gifts — judgment, human sympathy and fluency of speech. With these innate credentials plus a course at Ottawa College, he made his initial appearance at "Mac." in 1921. By his participation in college activities the esteem of staff and students was speedily won, even though he avoided all entangling alliances with the other side of the campus. He now serves as editor of the magazine, and for his Senior Year has been elected to the Presidency of the Student's Council. Joe's record as a student and executive is such that much will be expected of him in his new position. Undoubtedly the various activities will respond to his motto "Let's go."



Athletics

ATHLETICS

In estimation of our apparent mediocre success in some lines of athletics, our small numbers has oftentimes been emphasized. It is no doubt a serious handicap which we must strive to overcome by the earnest endeavour of one and every individual student. Even though each student cannot have a place on the College teams, while acting as a scrub he is forwarding college athletics and at the same time is benefiting physically. I am unwilling to believe that a considerable percentage of our students are lethargically disinclined to exercise; yet our team managers have oftentimes had considerable difficulty throughout the season in obtaining enough men for a practice.

Added to the unavoidable disadvantage of our small numbers we have had the additional drawback of lack of coaches.

This disadvantage should be, and is, avoidable.

Although our Basketball, Hockey and Baseball teams did very creditable work their defeats were due, to a considerable extent, to lack of training. In the case of Basketball one individual was obliged to play the role of coach, manager and player. A coach is an absolute essential for success and he must be on the job. Our athletic society is financially unable to support a paid coach; but there is no reason why some kind of athletic director should not be hired and supported by the College as is the custom in many institutions.

A very encouraging feature of our athletics this session was the interest and keen competition taken in inter-class games. The Robertson Shield, symbolic of superiority in inter-class games, was



Sophomore Class Team

won by the Sophomores. The inter-class games are one of the attractions of Residential life, and the Sophs are to be congratulated on winning the coveted first place.

The weather has scarcely yet been suitable for outdoor baseball and as the term is almost at its close our athletic activities have reached their limit for this session.

While the difficulties and problems of the present session are still fresh in our minds it is provident to think of those we will be obliged to face next College year.

Among others, we will again be faced

with the advisability of forming a football team. To enthusiasts of the game the thought of dropping football entirely is distasteful, yet it is apparent that we have not sufficient material to enable us to make a good showing. It is therefore a question whether it would not be wiser to concentrate on games requiring less players.

Returning students should come back prepared to take an active part in our Fall Field Day and with the determination that the session 24-25 will figure in the athletic history of Macdonald.

H. H.

Girls' Athletics

THE GIRLS' GYMNASTIC AND DANCING DEMONSTRATION

"Do you mean to tell me that you didn't see the Girls' Gym exhibition?"

If you didn't, you missed the best thing of all the year."

The demonstration was held on April 12th, before a large number of interested spectators. Dr. Harrison occupied the chair.

The first part of the program consisted almost entirely of gymnastics, the second part, of dancing. The evening began with a well-executed exhibition of Swedish gymnastics by the Household Science students. The Intermediate Teachers' Gymnastics, performed by about one hundred and fifty students, was an impressive feature of the evening. The elementary teachers, in their children's game and dance, did credit to the work of the Kindergarten specialists. The apparatus work consisted of exercises on the boom, the box, and tumbling. It was exceptionally well done by those taking part.

At the end of the first part of the program Dr. Harrison in a few remarks complimented Miss Heathcote, physical director, on the quality of her work. He said that the co-operation, the immediate obedience to command would serve the students well in the future, whatever their occupation might be.

The remainder of the program was devoted to the dancing. The Household Science girls showed their skill in the Sailor, Spanish, and Playtime dances. The country dances, the Irish Jig, the Scottish Reel and the barn dance variations were performed to the admiration of the audience. One special feature of the evening was "Columbine Chooses" by Misses Heather Cassils, Evelyn Copland, and Clare Jamieson.

The students presented Mrs. Harrison with a large bouquet of roses, and Miss Heathcote with a similar bouquet and a gift in token of their appreciation of her services during the year. After the "March Past" by all the students in their various coloured costumes, Mrs. Harrison

presented the basketball trophy and the Royal Life Saving Society bronze medals.

Among those present were Hon. Jacob Nicol, the Provincial Treasurer and Mrs. Nicol, Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, Dean and Mrs. Laird, Mrs. and Mrs. G. F. Wright, Colonel and Mrs. Keefler, Mr. A. W. Ross, Miss Hurlbatt; Miss E. M. Cartwright, Mr. Powter; Miss Philp; and other members of the staff of Macdonald College, as well as from five to six hundred others, relatives and friends of the students.

Jessie G. MacLeod.

THE GYMNASTIC COMPETITION

On Saturday afternoon, March 26th, a keen and interesting "gym" competition was held by the sections of Intermediate

Teachers and Junior Science students. The same table of exercises was done by each section; Section C showing its superiority by "coming out on top."

This was followed by an excellent individual competition for which a large number of girls entered. The work consisted of Swedish drill, apparatus, original exercises and dance steps. The competitors were all in splendid form and excelled themselves to such an extent that the judges found it hard to make a decision.

After considering the aggregate points of each, the Gold Medal was awarded to Miss E. Copland, Miss Heather Cassils being a close second. The Bronze medal was awarded to Clare Jamieson and the Nickel Medal to Isabell Bull.

Miss Cartwright and Miss Edwards came out from Montreal to act as judges and filled their office in a manner worthy of praise and hearty thanks.



Girls' Baseball Team

Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association

List of Addresses

The most of our space is taken up this issue with the list of addresses of the graduates in agriculture. The G. S. has made every effort to have these as complete as possible, but would be very glad to hear of any information which can be supplied to correct or amplify the same.

Please notice the good showing made in membership by graduates of Class '23. On the other hand what is wrong with Class '14? There are some life members but apart from these not a man has paid his annual fees for this year. Can not some of the life members in this class wake up the rest of their gang before they die?

There are other classes which need to wake up, and it is hoped the loyal members who read these lines will get after the delinquents and get them to join next year.

Welcome to Our Ranks

Elsewhere in this issue there appears the physical, mental and athletic features of the graduates of Class '24.

To these men who are graduating from Macdonald's halls, the M. C. A. A. A. extends very hearty congratulations. It also wishes to express to them its most sincere wishes for a long and happy life of usefulness in the ranks of their chosen profession. It also hopes that they will not be backward in seeking the acquaintance of those who have, during the last thirteen years, gone forth to take up similar duties. It is up to every graduate to do his or her best to welcome these men to their life work and to assist in every possible way to help them become established in it.

Miscellaneous Notes

As we write these few nondescript bits of news, the "Aggies" are writing their first exams. Room A110, as in the days of yore, is once more being agitated by the tearing of hair, the scratching of pens and the hum of the planer from the shop beneath. What days those were, old timers!

Those were the days of coffee, of cold towels around the "bean," of feverish summaries, of chemical dope and physical formulae, the days when Thomas Carlyle got mixed up with Jethro Tull and Early Gothland with Argenteuil Asparagus.

In the midst of it all we burned incense in the chemistry lab. searching for protoxids in divers ways and running the elusive contents of mill feed to earth. Fried eggs permeated the corridors and shower baths awoke us at five A. M. as we beat our chests and howled with glee when the icy water descended upon us.

And then they were over. We went to the dance, committed sundry crimes for the next few hours, packed our trunk, said good-bye to the only girl on earth (that year), took the train home and the next morning sat half dazed in the cow stable at 5:30 milking a cow. What a downfall?

This year no circular will be sent out in reference to the memorial scholarship. Members have received these for two years and should be familiar with the conditions. Any graduates who are interested should try to get in touch with the General Secretary by August 1st. 1924. The scholarship has a value of about \$200 and is tenable for one year.

A large number of replies have been received concerning suitable date for reunion. The large majority favour hold-

ing it in 1925. There will therefore be no reunion held this year.

List of Graduates and their Addresses

- † W. H. Brittain, Professor of Zoology, Truro, N. S.
 * F. E. Buck, Ass't. Professor of Horticulture, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.
 † R. P. Gorham, Ass't. Entomologist, Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Fredericton, N. B.
 F. S. Grisdale, Principal, Agricultural School, Olds, Alta.
 * F. H. Grindley, General Secretary C. S. T. A., Box 625, Ottawa, Ont.
 † Robt. Innes, Director of Agricultural Branch, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Ottawa, Ont.
 † W. J. Reid, Sup't of Agricultural Instruction, Agriculture, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 † Dr. A. Savage, Professor Pathology, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Man.
 † C. M. Spencer, (Address Unknown)

CLASS '12

- E. M. Straight, Superintendent, Experimental Station, Saanichton, R. M. D., Victoria B. C.
 † R. Summerby, Professor of Agronomy, Macdonald College, Que.
 † C. Sweet, Chief Seed Analyst, 117 Victoria St., Ottawa, Ont.
 † C. Williams, District Agriculturist, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 † G. W. Wood, Professor of Animal Husbandry, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Man.

CLASS '12

- † W. W. Baird, Superintendent of Experimental Farm, Nappan, N. S.
 † F. S. Brown, Ass't. Superintendent, Experimental Farm, Lennoxville, Que.
 † A. A. Campbell, Farming, Patricia, Alta.
 † M. B. Davis, Ass't. Horticulturist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.
 H. B. Durost, Woodstock, N. B.
 K. M. Fiske, c/o Mr. S. M. Fiske, Martintown, Ont.
 S. M. Fiske, Martintown, Ont.
 † D. B. Flewelling, Fredericton, N. B.
 † R. S. Kennedy, Manager Advertising Promotion Dept., Montreal Daily Star, Montreal, Que.
 † E. A. Lods, Extension Agronomist, Macdonald College, Que.
 † R. Newton, Associate Professor of Field Husbandry, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
 † A. R. Ness, Lecturer in Animal Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.
 † L. V. Parent, Manager Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Ltd., Lennoxville, Que.
 † L. C. Raymond, Lecturer in Agronomy, Macdonald College, Que.
 E. Rhoades, Dominion Live Stock Branch, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.
 † J. G. Robertson, Live Stock Commissioner, Parliament Buildings, Regina, Sask.
 † J. M. Robinson, c/o Soldiers' Settlement Board, Salmon Arm, B. C.
 † J. A. Simard, Representative of Dominion Seed Branch, P. O. Building, Quebec, Que.

CLASS '13

- * J. S. Dash, Professor of Agriculture and Agronomy, Tropical Agricultural College, Trinidad, B. W. I.

- † E. M. DuPorte, Lecturer in Entomology and Zoology, Macdonald College, Que.
 † A. F. Emberley, Ayer's Cliff, Que.
 † W. H. Gibson, Superintendent Government Farm, Oliver, Alta.
 * A. C. Gorham, Director of Elementary Agricultural Education, Sussex, N. B.
 † G. C. Holliday, Farming, Sawyerville, Que.
 † M. H. Jenkins, Ass't. Supt. of Experiment Station, Nappan, N. S.
 † J. K. King, Representative of Live Stock Branch, Moncton, N. B.
 D. E. Lothian, 116 Union Street, Aberdeen, Scotland.
 † G. LeLacheur, Dominion Seed Branch, Ottawa, Ont.
 † Victor Matthews, Ass't. Superintendent of Experimental Farm, Lethbridge, Alta.
 † Kenneth MacBean, Ass't. Supt. of Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B. C.
 † L. D. McClintock, Agricultural Demonstrator, Knowlton, Que.
 W. A. Middleton, Horticulture Dept., University of B. C. Vancouver, B. C.
 † G. E. O'Brien Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Toronto, Ont.
 † A. E. Raymond, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Woodstock, N. B.
 B. B. Richardson, College of Agriculture, Milford, N. H., U. S. A.
 † F. N. Savoie, Secretary of Agriculture, Quebec, Que.

CLASS '14

- E. N. Blondin, County Agricultural Agent, Meade Building, Rutland, Vt.
 † C. F. Coffin, (Address Unknown)
 C. A. Cooke, Provincial Department of Agriculture, Price Albert, Sask.
 † P. R. Cowan, Cereal Assistant, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 R. Dougall, At present in S. Africa—likely to return soon.
 † F. L. Drayton, Assistant Botanist, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 H. J. M. Fiske, c/o Walker Fruit Co. Weyburn, Sask.
 † R. I. Hamilton, Assist. Agrostologist, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 † D. W. Hamilton, Professor of Agricultural Education, Pullman Washington, D. C.
 † C. H. Hodge, Ass't. Agricultural Editor, Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, Que.
 R. R. Huestis, Zoology Department, University of California, Berkeley, Cal. U. S. A.
 † R. E. Huske, Farming, Glenelm, Que.
 † W. L. MacFarlane, Farming, Fox Harbour Point, N. S.
 † G. G. Moe, Associate-Professor in Agronomy, University of B. C. Vancouver, B. C.
 † G. W. Muir, Animal Husbandman, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 † W. Newton, Professor of Plant Physiology, Pamona College, Claremont, Cal. U. S. A.
 † T. F. Ritchie, Ass't. Horticulturist, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 † A. O. Schafheitlin, Farming, Canning, N. S.

CLASS '15

E. G. Wood, Agricultural Extensionman, Hamiota, Man.

CLASS '18

G. E. Arnold, Farming, Grenville, Que.
 † C. E. Boulden, Farming, Windsor, N. S.
 F. B. Kinsman, Supervisor of Illustration Stations for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Lakeville, N. S.
 † A. Kelsall, Entomological Branch, Annapolis Royal, N. S.
 H. S. Mace, 38 Nicholas St., Rutland, Vt.
 † A. E. McMahon, Salesman and Insecticide Expert, c/o John Cowan Chemical Co., Montreal, Que.
 † Miss M. Newton, Associate Professor of Biology, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sask.
 † R. J. M. Reid, Farming, Hemmingford, Que.
 † E. M. Taylor, Assist. Supt., Experimental Farm, Fredericton, N. B.
 † Miss Pearl Stanford, (Married and living in Chicago, Married name not known)

CLASS '19

* Chas. Wilcox, Farm Manager, c/o Kenwood Farm, Shelburne, Vt., U. S. A.
 † E. Grove White, Colonial Dept. of Agriculture, Zomba, Nyasaland, British Central Africa.

CLASS '20

* W. E. Ashton, Field Representative, Can. Jersey Cattle Club, Waterloo, Que.
 * A. H. W. Birch, Apiarist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 * R. A. Derick, Dept. of Agronomy, University of B. C., Vancouver, B. C.
 W. G. Dunsmore, c/o Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 E. C. Hatch, Farming, Brockville, Ont.
 W. D. Hay, Forage Crop Investigator, Lethbridge Experimental Station, Lethbridge, Alta.
 * S. R. N. Hodgins, Editor of Journal of Agriculture, Macdonald College, Que.
 † W. N. Jones, Animal Husbandry Dept., University of B. C. Vancouver, B. C.
 * W. A. Maw, Manager Poultry Dept., Macdonald College, Que.
 J. E. Ness, Farming, Howick, Que.
 † C. F. Peterson, Dominion Live Stock Branch, P. O. Building, Edmonton, Alta.
 L. G. Saunders, Post Graduate course, St. Johns College, Cambridge, England.
 S. G. Skinner, Landscape Architect on C. N. R. System, 1054 College St., Toronto, Ont.
 W. J. Reid, Farm Manager, Rougemont Station, Que.

CLASS '21

W. H. Barnett, Farming, Shawville, Que.
 W. C. R. Bradford, Assist. Superintendent, Experimental Station, Lacombe, Alta.
 P. D. Bragg, c/o Chas. Bragg, Collingwood Corner, N. S.
 A. J. Buckland, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Knowlton, Que.
 H. A. Butler, Live Stock Promoter, Dom. Live Stock Branch, Toronto, Ont.
 F. B. Chauvin, 720 Maplewood Ave., Montreal, Que.
 * P. M. Daly, Hort. Branch Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 S. M. Denison, Denison's Mills, Que.
 A. L. Hay, Agricultural Demonstrator, Cranbrook, B. C.
 S. J. Hetherington, Co-operation and Markets Branch, Dept. of Agriculture, Regina, Sask.
 J. F. Hockey, Pathologist-in-charge, Field Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Fredericton, N. B.
 † A. R. Jones, Department of Agriculture, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 * D. M. Laurie, Farming, Hemmingford, Que.
 Mrs. C. J. Owen (nee M. L. MacAloney) 114 Street, Eastwood, N. Y.

CLASS '16

T. H. Biggar, Farming, Huntingdon, Que.
 Geo. Boving, University of B. C., Vancouver, B. C. (Dept. of Agronomy).
 † E. S. Cochrane, Farming, Clarenceville, Que.
 Rev. L. W. F. Crothers, Quyon, Que.
 * J. G. C. Fraser, Ass't in Cereal Division, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 * C. B. Gooderham, Dominion Apiarist, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 † G. C. Hay, District Agriculturist, Kamloops, B. C.
 O. C. Hicks, Soils and Crop Division, University of N. B., Fredericton, N. B.
 * C. B. Hutchings, Ass't Entomologist, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.
 A. E. Hyndman, 5071 Sherbrooke St. W. Westmount, Que.
 † C. Lyster, c/o Live Stock Branch, Department of Agriculture, Toronto, Ont.
 * J. Harold McOuat, Principal New Carlisle High School, New Carlisle, Que.
 † J. C. Moynan, Illustration Farms Division, 41 Highland Ave., Westboro, Ont. (Ottawa).
 † R. Schafheitlin, Farming, Canning, N. S.
 † J. A. Ste. Marie, Supt. Experimental Station, Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere, Que.
 W. E. Sutton, Farm Manager, Lyndonville, Vt., U. S. A.

CLASS '17

Alex Bothwell, Agricultural Demonstrator, Lachute, Que.
 † H. S. Cunningham, Department of Agriculture, Truro, N. S.
 † G. H. Dickson, Vineland Experimental Station, Vineland, Ont.
 † R. M. Elliott, Live Stock Branch, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.
 R. C. M. Fiske, Regina, Sask.
 T. G. Hetherington, Supervisor Illustration Farms for N. B., Fredericton, N. B.
 † L. R. Jones, Farming, Swanton, Vt., U. S. A.
 † J. D. Newton, Department of Soils, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
 C. Morris, Ste. Therese, Terrebonne, Col. Que.
 * L. C. Roy, Agricultural Demonstrator, Cookshire, Que.
 † E. S. Spicer, Spencer's Island, Cumberland Co., N. S.

17.

15.

- J. M. F. Mackenzie, Experimental Farm, Fredericton, N. B.
 ✓ T. G. Major, Tobacco Pathologist, Tobacco Division, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 † G. D. Matthews, Experimental Farm, Indian Head, Sask.
 ✓ * A. R. Milne, (Soldiers' Settlement Board), Box 107, St. Catharines, Ont.
 † Miss D. E. Newton, Department of Botany, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man.
 ✓ A. C. Norcross, c/o Stanley Thompson & Co., 615 New Birks Building, Montreal, Que.
 * M. B. Paige, Glenmore Ranch, Kelowna, B. C.
 W. T. Perry, Butternut Ridge, N. B.
 * A. W. Peterson, Live Stock Branch, Box J. K. Richardson, Assistant, Pathological Laboratory, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 J. W. Scannell, Dominion Plant Pathology Laboratory, Saskatoon, Sask.
 † P. M. Simmonds, Department of Plant Pathology, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, U. S. A.
 ✓ C. J. Watson, University of Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y.

CLASS '22

- * H. K. Bate, Department of Agriculture, Newcastle, N. B.
 ✓ * Leon Beaudin, Ormstown, Que.
 ✓ S. Boily, Live Stock Branch, Department of Agriculture, Sherbrooke, Que.
 ✓ J. S. Buchanan, (Address uncertain)
 H. W. Clay, Department of Agriculture, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 C. M. Collins, Farming, Port Williams, King's Co., N. S.
 ✓ F. W. Doherty, 1720 Hutchison St., Montreal, Que.
 † W. B. Gerhardt, United Fruit Co., Guarao, Orient, Cuba.
 ✓ * W. L. Gordon, Lachute, Que. (Home address).
 ✓ * J. W. Graham, Live Stock Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.
 ✓ G. H. Hammond, Aylmer East, Que. (Home Address)
 ✓ * O. W. Lachaine, Seed Analyst, Dept. of Agriculture, Quebec, Que.
 ✓ * E. D. McGreer, Department of Agriculture, Live Stock Branch, Ottawa, Ont.
 ✓ R. B. Ness, Farming, Howick, Que.
 † R. F. S. Shepherd, Assist. Botanist & Mycologist, Department of Agriculture, Reduit, Mauritius.

- C. T. Skinner, Federal Fruit Branch, 1 Common Street, Montreal, Que.
 * J. D. Sutherland, c/o Harris Hall, 110 Franklin Street, Buffalo, U. S. A.
 ✓ * R. Templeton, Farming, Riverfield, Que.
 ✓ J. N. Welsh, 144 Osgoode, St., Ottawa, Ont.
 ✓ J. M. Winter, Farming, Ormstown, Que.

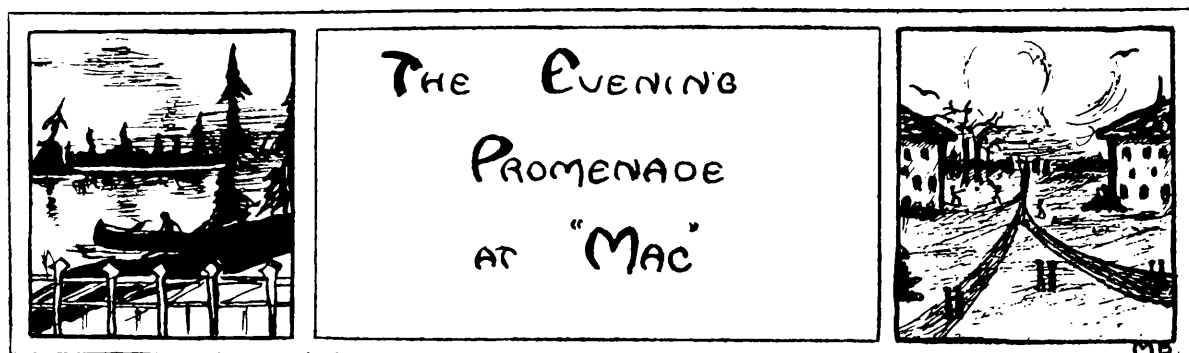
CLASS '23

- ✓ * Armitage, W. H., Box 23 Sherbrooke, Que.
 ✓ * T. Armstrong, 411-B St. Antoine St., Montreal, Que.
 ✓ * E. A. Atwell, Macdonald College, Que.
 ✓ * A. W. Baker, Assistant in Entomology & Zoology, Macdonald College, Que.
 ✓ * G. H. Bowen, c/o E. D. Smith & Sons, Ltd., Winona, Ont.
 ✓ * Brighton, H. W., c/o Dr. D. A. Whitton, 133 First Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 ✓ * Burke, K. M., Metis Beach, Que.
 ✓ F. Dimmock, Assistant Agrostologist, Harrow Experiment Station Harrow, Ont.
 ✓ Graham, A. R. Ste Anastasie, Que. (Home Address).
 ✓ * J. Hume Grisdale, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 E. W. Holden, Meridale Farms, Meridale, N. Y.
 ✓ R. R. McKibbin, Maryland Experimental Station, College Park, Maryland, U. S. A.
 ✓ * T. E. McQuat, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 ✓ * A. J. G. Maw, Lecturer in Poultry Husbandry, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.
 ✓ * W. H. Perron, c/o Dupuy and Ferguson, Jacques Cartier Square, Montreal.
 Rolleston, L. O. Iroquois Hotel, Iroquois Falls, Ont.
 J. B. Smith, New Glasgow, Que.
 J. P. Spittall, Entomological Laboratory, Annapolis, N. S.
 Stevens, J. V. Iroquois Hotel Iroquois Falls, Ont.
 † T. C. Vanterpool, Assistant in Plant Pathology, Macdonald College, Que.
 ✓ * E. K. Williams, Box 73A-R. F. D. 3 Amherst, Mass, U. S. A. (Mass. Experimental Station)
 † Wurtzbarger, R. L., Bloomington, Illinois, U. S. A.

† Life member of Alumni Association.
 * Paid up annual member.



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(AS SEEN FROM A WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE CAMPUS GREEN)

In a room after tea, two girls and a couple of chairs pulled up close to the window, with the curtains pulled back.

"Aw, come on, Jean, don't let's study to-night! I don't want to go out for a walk but we can watch the people out there on the campus. It seems to me there is a lot in the saying," it's not for knowledge that we come to college."

Jean laughs and says, "Look at those two over there," and points in the direction of the main gate where a couple are standing, looking out on forbidden fruit—the road.

Edith looks, "Yes, I see them. Isn't the grass getting wonderfully green? I think the place will look much prettier when the leaves are out—the evergreens are rather dark. Take a look over there behind that fir tree—the one near the other side of the campus,—I see what looks suspiciously like two people? Do you see the same thing?"

"Yes, you're right, kid. Look at that girl without a coat on and it quite cold—I wonder!"

Edith replies, "There's probably method in her madness! Look at the line-up along the fence. Good-night! but people passing by the road will think that this is some kind of a prison, by the way in which the inmates hang over the fence, gazing out with wistful eyes—Mamma's darlings want to take the short way home, along the King's Highway. Some of them look quite natural, just the same."

Jean sees some girls out on the above-mentioned road, "There are those lucky seniors, Gee! but they love to swank out with their canes. Oh! don't we envy them. Never mind, old girl, next year we'll be seniors and we won't need to come in by Kay's window any more. Do you remember the time some of the boys handed up a basket of fruit and the string broke?—that was a good joke.

"By Jove, Jean, there's one our profs. out giving his golf-sticks the air. Say, aren't his golf-stockings the snappiest thing out?, "The berries," as Kay would say. He must have bought them to match his complexion. What a rotten shot—I bet that big man over there could show him a thing or two. I've often wondered where they play on Sunday. Do you know? I've heard that the Senneville Course isn't bad!"

"That everlasting "fore" gets on my nerves. I almost got hit on the head the other night by a ball coming about a hundred miles a minute. But what's a student's head? "We must have our fun?"

Edith goes on to say "See those two over there? They've got it bad—- that was a good one in the last mag., eh? More truth than poetry in it."

Jean looks at some of the boys gazing intently out of the windows in their residence, at the passing show. They must be the hardened, girl-proof kind (or else faithful to the girl back home) not to come out walking. They like to view

things from a distance. They certainly enjoy passing remarks about their more-engaged fellow students. Did you hear that, "At-a-boy, Bill, don't let her put anything over you!"'

Edith shouts, "There comes our bunch. Yoo-hoo, kids! You people haven't got men but you've got 'mah-jong ties' and swagger-sticks. Hurry up, the whistle is going to blow in half a jiffy."

Sure enough, as shrieking, bellowing ear-piercing, indescribable noise comes from the region of the power-house. It says in its own gruff and cruel manner, "Stop your fussing, folks, pack away your pleasures until to-morrow afternoon at Wright's. Come on in and study!!?— exams. soon."

"I suppose we had better set to work,

Edith. My! but some people like to walk slowly — those six must be practising the slow march — rather the Dead March, for they have stopped. They seem to be watching that red canoe going down the river — the cruelty and mockery of Fate! They'd better take care, because we were told to say our farewells quickly."

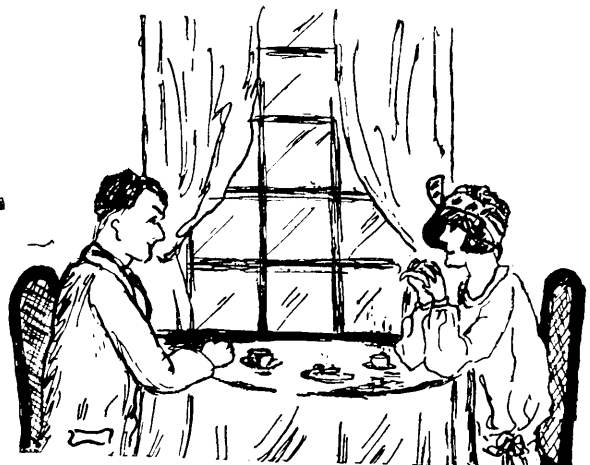
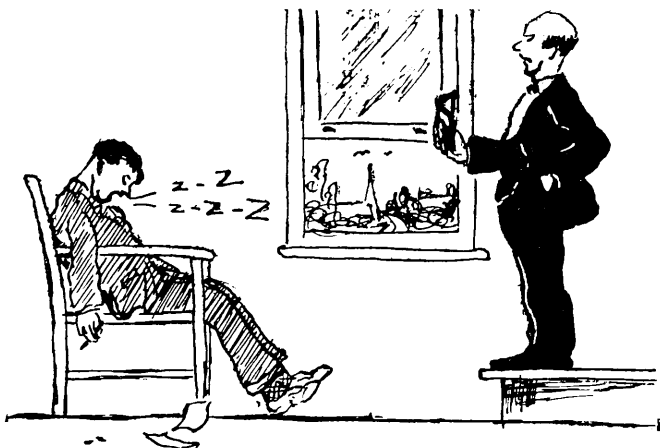
"Shut the window, Jean. It's getting cold. Study hour bell's gone — I'm proctor this week!"

She shouts along the hall, "Everybody in, the last bell's rung."

Hurry scurry! Silence (?) reigns supreme.—

To-morrow night?

(Continued in the next act.)



On Wearing Shoes—Old and New

I have not the slightest doubt that those people who wear old shoes don't feel very proud about it. How could they? Are not old shoes a sign of decadence, and a sign that points to further expenses? Especially if we have a Scottish intellect do we look upon them with a great deal of disapproval, for the new ones must be secured sooner or later.

* * *

Some men take pride in walking along the busy thoroughfare wearing spats and canes, and by the way they manipulate the latter you can sense their lofty thoughts — usually. Women take great pride in carrying a dainty parasol, large enough to cover a coin, but do it simply because it adds to their attractiveness, and elegance of figure. Both of these things, however, though of some significance, are trivial when compared to new shoes. New shoes, especially if made of patent leather, are, from school-boy to grandmother, *the* great incentive to pride and self-esteem. As you go along the street everyone looks at your feet, or at your shoes, rather than at you. Without your shoes you pass unnoticed.

And on entering the departmental store, the floor walker, whose duty it is to prevent customers, would-be and real, from running around, at once spots you. With his usual dignified look or graceful smile, he leads you along beside the counters. You contrive to follow him, tamely though it may be, by walking along the centre of the alley. The clerks admire your shoes and envy your good fortune. (The shoe-shine boy however, looks first at your gleaming shoes, then at your beaming face, with the same dismal, woe-begone look). The elevator man stops his car at high level to the floor, for he wants to get a better view of your shoes. And a flapper who passes by is

reminded of shiny noses, and pauses to add another stratum of powder. As you notice this you "come to" and realize that the floor walker is out of sight. Therefore lest you have to wait a little, you tap your feet on the floor, as if impatient. This little feat has the desired effect, for instantly up rushes the manager, mopping his sweating brows vigorously. With his calm, velvety voice, though somewhat flustered, he first offers to serve you himself, then invites you to sit down. This latter you naturally decline emphatically, as you are anxious to display your shoes to the world at large and especially to the world at hand. And when five minutes later you board the street-car, the conductor declines to collect your fare, so enamoured he is of your footgear.

* * *

New shoes however, are not always a source of pleasure or of profit. They may, and frequently do, become a cause of ill-feeling, hostility and even strife towards our fellow beings and of nice expense to ourselves. Standing before the *Star* Bulletin Board at the corner of Peel and St. Catherine an excitable person, on reading that his house is on fire, may gently touch or even slightly tread upon the point of your shoe. You become so animated that you instantly launch your fist at him. A struggle ensues. A crowd forms. Traffic is interrupted. The heavy hand of the law breaks into the fray, and the next day your purse yields up its quota of coin to the Court — expenditure which you attribute in your budget to "New Shoes." Again, you are caught by a torrential downpour on leaving the office at noon. Will you risk exposure of your precious adornments? Certainly not, you will call a taxi.

I remember once going to church with a flashy, brand new pair of shoes. How elated I felt about it! The sun rays reverberated on them, giving them the appearance, and rightly so, of sparkling gems. Unfortunately, I happened to be a little late, the sermon being at its very height. I walked to my seat in the front, indeed pompously marched towards it. I soon became aware however, of an atmosphere of hostility around me. The warden in the rear coughed repeatedly. A kind old lady threw me a distrustful glance. As I passed a superintendent of Residences my radio tuned in on the most unsympathetic look that has ever been flung at mortal man. A child sitting near by cast me a terrific threatening stare, presumably for awakening him. A little further on I slipped and fell, and as I did so I heard an old squire snap his jaws angrily. I looked everywhere for sympathy but could observe only disgust and disdain. Finally I looked up at the minister, who was waxing very eloquent. Just then he made a solemn gesture, as though motioning me to get out. I managed to arise, and regarding his gesture as a mere coincidence I reached my seat, amid the sub-

dued ripples of laughter of young folk. I shall never forget the sound of those few footsteps as they resounded clearly through the archways and ended in a most lamentable echo.

And pray, what was the reason for all this animosity? Merely the creaking and squeaking of my new shoes. Ever since then I have lost faith in the charms of new shoes and have come to believe that old shoes (like certain things which undoubtedly improve with age) are best. They must be, or why do people throw them at the *bride*? Besides one does not have that discomforting feeling that accompanies the new shoe, with its stylish pointed toe. One does not have to endure that tight sensation, just to prove that Vanity knows no master. Further, one's temper remains unruffled, the lady of the house spends her evenings peaceably, if not happily; the home life of the nation is 'sound. Yes, I'm "through" with new shoes. Give me the old shoe, wide and roomy in every direction, and though not "smart," ideal as far as comfort is concerned. I cry, even as King James did: "Bring me my old shoes, they are easiest on my feet!"





Elsie (placidly eating pancakes):—
“This investigational cookery isn’t so bad after all.”

Two Scots were fishing, but were new to the game.

“Got a bite Jock?” asked one.

“Naw.” said Jock. “I don’t believe my worm’s half trying.”

Little Mary: “Mama, I don’t have to eat this egg, do I? It doesn’t smell good.”

Big Mary: “How often must I tell you not to complain about your food. Eat that egg!”

Little Mary (after a brief pause):
“Mama, must I eat the beak, too?”

Unfair Discrimination

“Oh, no! soliloquized Johnny bitterly,
“there ain’t any favorites in this family.

Oh no! If I bite my finger-nails, I get a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot, they think it’s cute.”

First Lecture in Plant Diseases

Prof:—“The fungus is called *Phytophthora infestans*.”

Stan:—“What?”

Sophs:—Ah! Oh! Ah!

Prof (Spelling):—“*Phytophthora infestans*.”

Levy:—“Say Champ, how do you spell that word again?”

Starting the Day Right

Prof. McC:—Mr. James, you are five minutes late. How do you account for this tardiness?

Sim:—“The teachers were ahead of us, Doctor; we are lucky to be here so soon; Mr. Walker broke through the lines and we followed behind him.”

Soph: “Is Cas interested in player pianos?”

Frosh: “No, but he is interested in piano players.”

Mr. Hamilton (lecturing to Juniors):
Are potatoes good feed for pigs?”

Joe L:—“Yes, they may be fed.”

Mr. Hamilton:—“How?”

Joe:—“Cook them.”

Mr. Hamilton:—“Anything else.”

Joe: (yawning) “No, I don’t think it’s necessary to peel them.”

Teacher:—What is opposite of goodness?

Bobbis:—Badness.

T.—Yes—of gladness?

Bobbis:—Sadness.

T.—Good—of woe?

Bobbis:—Of Whoa?—giddap!

1st Tramp—Say youse haven't got a piece of toast about youse?

2nd—Naw! What fer?

1st Tramp:—Oh! I feel like a poached egg—and I wanna sit down!

Tramp (at the door of the College kitchen):—"Would you please give a hungry man a bite to eat?"

Chef:—"If I give you a piece of pie, will you go away and never come back?"

Tramp:—"Well, boss, you know your pie better than I do."

Famished student (after standing beside his table for five minutes waiting for the "commencer" bell):—"All right, Miss Russell, let's go."

A rooster who was not very satisfied with his hens one day found an ostrich egg. Gathering together his wives, he showed it to them, saying: "I don't mean to belittle your attempts, but just look what other folks are doing."

By The Way

Who was the boy who said "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—what the girls have been thinking about all winter."

Despite teachings to the contrary we notice that there are many advocates of spring ploughing among the members of the staff. We would think, however, it must be rather tough on their clubs.

Now that the dance is all over and we were all so good, we hope we do not receive any complaints because the balloons were full.

Because the Dean was seen chasing balloons at the Girls' Dance, does that mean he intends equipping his bicycle with balloon tires this summer?

Steve says,—“a change of lipstick now and then is relished by the best of men.”

Medical Notes

A strange epidemic seems to have broken out among the skirted members of our ancient and most honourable of colleges. After careful diagnosis I flatter myself that I have found the cause. As it may interest others, I have written down the steps I used in arriving at my conclusion. They are as follows:—

Age of patient —anywhere from 17-23 yrs.

Sex — female (decidedly).

Complaints — “Why can't we stay out until eight o'clock?”

“Why can't we visit the men's oval?”

Symptoms—Great desire for fresh air and exercise consisting of long round-about walks to and from lectures.

An inclination to wear most becoming clothes.

Palpitation of heart.

Lack of appetite for meals

A tendency to linger at meals and in the foyer afterwards.

Voices become exceedingly sweet and drawling

Eyes have a tendency to wander

A desire to use perfume.

Diagnosis—General condition of nervous excitement due to presence of McGill Survey.

Treatment—Separate dining rooms for girl students and McGill Survey.

Survey students abstain from shaving and the use of all instruments of observation.

Frosted glass on all windows which must be kept closed.

A Confession

Mother:—"Mary, aren't you getting too big to play with boys?"

Mary:—"No mother; the bigger I get the better I like them."

AUTOGRAPHS

At The Sophs' Table

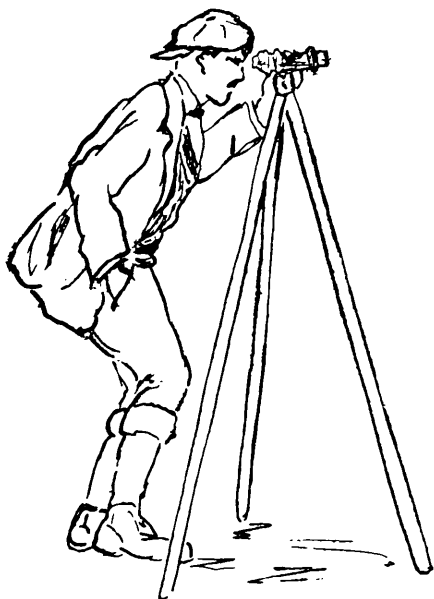
Dick:—"How's the old "26" going?"

Les: "Not going yet."

Buck: "I guess we'll have to get Shorty give us a hand; he knows all about Fords."

We wanna know--

1. Who got the frat. pin on May 2nd and from whom?
2. Who is the famous Napoleon at Mac?
3. Who is the McGill freshie who brought his bicycle out with him.
4. Who threw the pillows out the window?
5. Where did "we" get that Teacher's Mac pin?
6. Who owns the notorious laugh?
7. Who is "Paiged" every afternoon?
8. Who is the soph. who is "off girls for life?"
9. Who is the owner of "Flaming Youth?"
10. Which member of the Women's House Committee is "much" loved by all?
11. Why do the McGill boys work outside so late at night — and why do they carry telescopes—??



He: "What do you do for a living?"

She: "I'm a dairy maid in a candy kitchen."

He: "Dairy maid in a candy kitchen! What do you do?"

She (bashfully): "Milk chocolates."

An optimist has been described as a man who can walk cheerfully along holding up an umbrella, singing "Oh! It ain't gonna rain no more, no more!"

A TALE OF SECTION B

Irving had just received a letter from Miss *Hamilton*. *Henry* took it. It said *Her man* knew an excellent place for *Hunting*, not far from the *Laurin Halls* where *Lay (a) field* where *Lyon* could be caught. "Oh, that will be *Jolley*," cried *Henry*; so he took his gun and with *Jamies' son* as a guide he started out.

Suddenly he saw something white going down a *Farlane*. He aimed and missed. *Jamies' son* said quickly "Put in more shot. Put *Morine Keill'er!*" Next shot the animal fell. Both ran up. *Henry* tore his *Hair* and cried, "Oh it's a *Little Lamb(ly)!* *Nough on* any condition would I have killed it had I known." Just then the *Gardiner, Hodgson* came up and said "Hey! what are *Ouat?* Don't you know there is a *Law* against killing *Little Lamb(ly)s?*" So he put a *Gag(n)on* *Henry* and took him to the *Court*. The judge's name was *Jones*. He asked *Henry* who *Lure(d)* him to commit such a cruel act. "Please, Sir," said *Henry*, "I couldn't see, there was a *Gale*." "No excuse," howled *Jones Leod(ly) to Mackay*. "*Caulay* cop" "All right, I'll *Callum*," said *Mackay*, and in walked the cop, *Bob Greig*. He fined *Henry* a *Ka(ha)n* of *Go(u)ld*.

It is more than *Likely* that *Henry Hard(ly)* ever goes out shooting *Lyon* in *Greene* fields any more.

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Ed: "I told my girl over the phone that I couldn't take her to the dance because I was broke."

Bill: "Did she believe you?"

Ed: "No, but central took pity on me and didn't charge me for overtime."

Hubb:—"So Steve is growing a moustache?"

Dubb:—"Not exactly, but I noticed him cultivating a Beard."

He:—"What are you smiling for, Wifey?"

She:—"I have just bought the present I want to give you on our wedding anniversary—and I'm longing to tell you what it is."

He:—"Tell me now, dear, what it is."

She:—"Well, I bought you a very nice mirror for my toilet table and a nice chimney clock for my boudoir — and you, what do you intend to give me?"

He:—"Oh, I think I'll buy you a cigar holder and a gold safety razor."

And They Make us Study Journalism

A haggard individual rushed into the doctor's office and demanded a cure for his indigestion.

"What work are you engaged in, my good man?" asked the M. D.

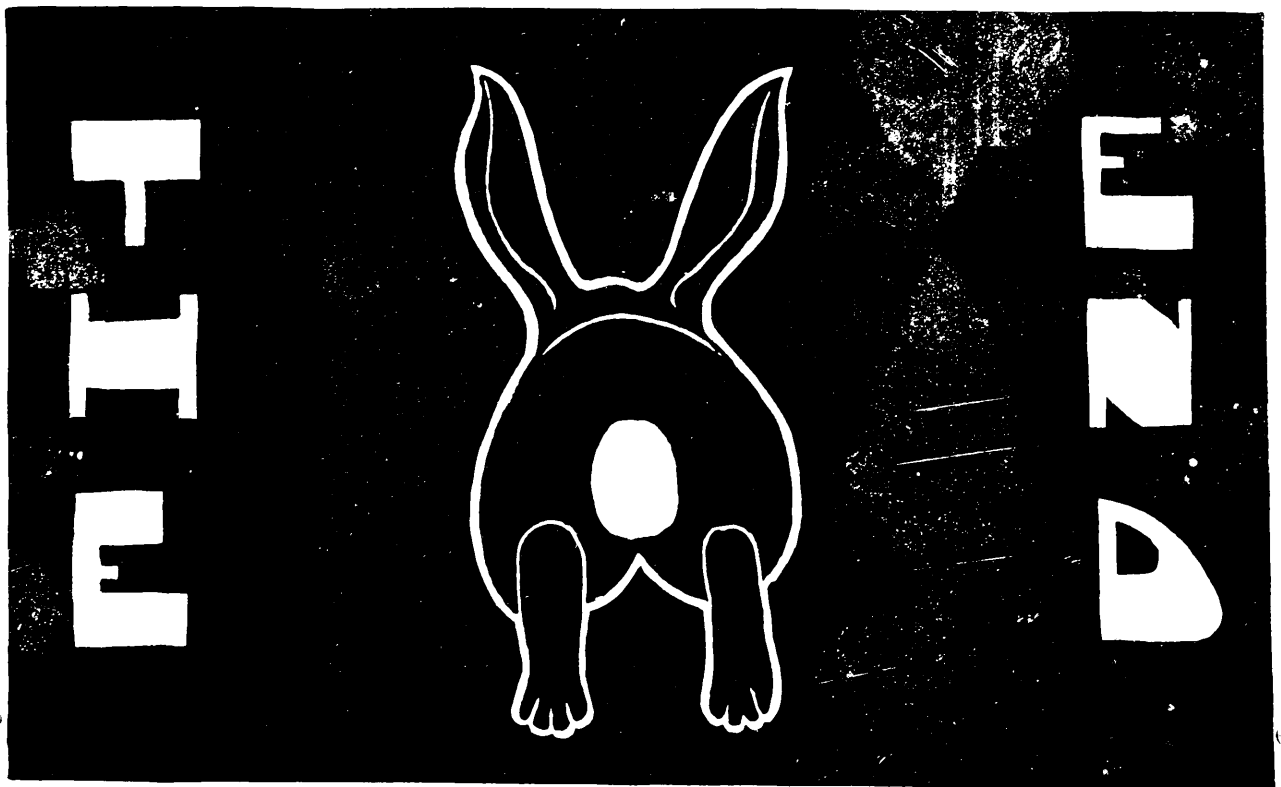
"Sir, I'm a journalist," responded the sick man.

"Then you are not suffering from indigestion," replied the doctor, "Take this half-dollar and buy yourself a square meal."

A Sure Catch

Tommy had been playing truant from school and had spent a long, beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young cronies who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?"

At this, Tommy, in all the consciousness of guilt, quickly responded, "Ain't been home yet."



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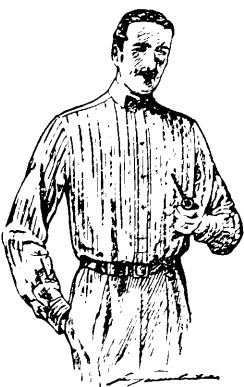
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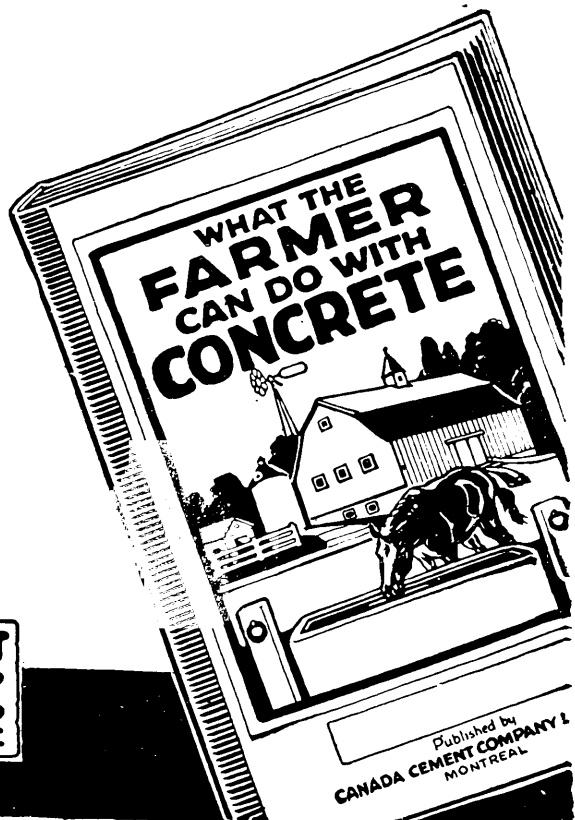
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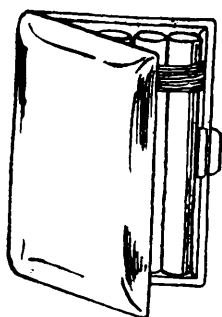
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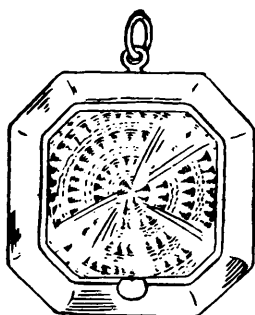


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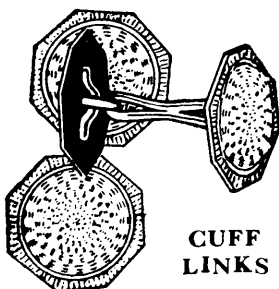
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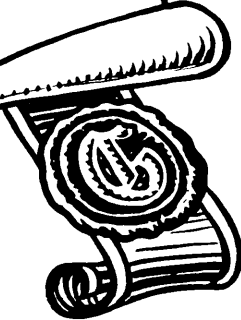
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